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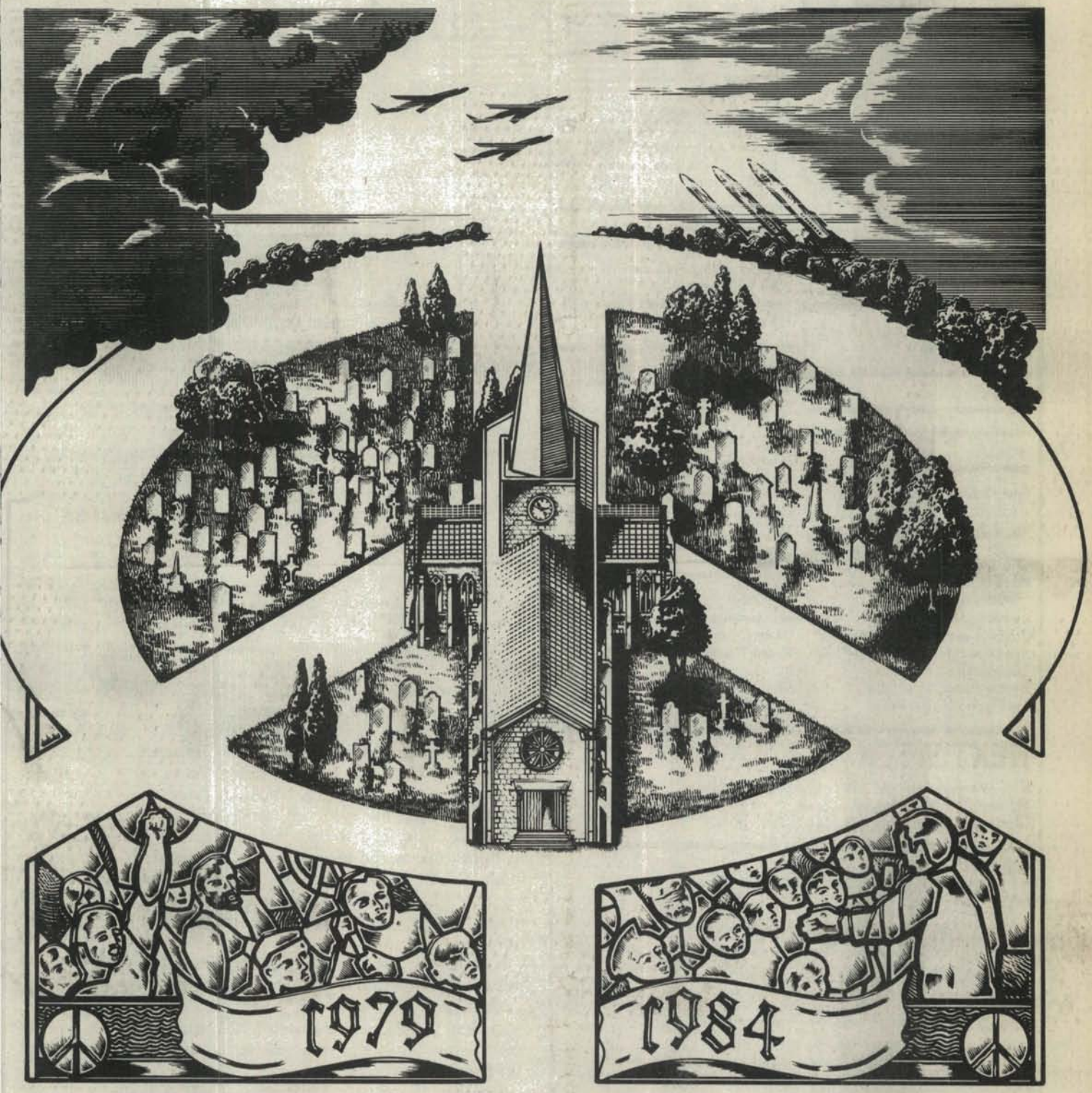
New Statesman



BRUCE KENT'S CND STORY

PLUS: Sizewell injustices • Trade unions & the law • Michael Leapman's diary • Poetry • Jazz • Theatre • Art

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New Statesman

Cover drawing: Will Hill

WEEKEND

Bruce Kent looks back over five years at the helm of CND 25

NEWS 4-6

HOME

Peter Kellner: understanding Scargill 7
David Ross and Rob Edwards report on the bitterness of the Sizewell inquiry 8
Mark Smith: the debate about CND's structure before next week's annual conference 10
Queen's speech: *New Statesman* guide to the Tories' legislative programme 12
Walter Pond: what's really going on at Austin Rover 14

FOREIGN

Kevin Watkins on Turkey's trials which belie 'democracy' 18
David Ward charts the rise of black trade unions in South Africa 20
Amrit Wilson: another view of Indira Gandhi 22

BOOKS

Alun Howkins: Bungalows 28
Ronald Aronson: Sartre 28
John Lucas: Recent poetry 30
Anne Smith: Soap operas 31
Marion Glastonbury: Fiction from Healy, Sillitoe, Lessing and Yourcenar 31

ARTS

John Spurling: Visual art 32
John Coleman: Films 34
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre 34
Charles Fox: Women in Jazz 36

BACKCHAT

Michael Rosen: Story of a gobbled gland 37
Hugo Williams: Television 37
Naseem Khan: Work in Progress on arts funding 38
Weekend competition 39
Crossword 39

PLUS

This England 16
Mediawatch: Mandy Merck 16
Diary: Michael Leapman 17
Roger Woddis 17
Letters 23
Slump 23
Feedback 24

NEXT WEEK

Ken Worpole on best sellers and 'socialist culture'
Michael Hofman on Strindberg
Christian Wolmar on sport and the Left

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
© 1984 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: Hugh Stephenson; **Deputy Editor:** Sarah Benton; **News Editor:** Andrew Lumsden; **Editorial staff:** Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Mary Holland (Ireland), Peter Kellner (Political editor), John Rentoul, Claudia Wright (Washington); **Literary Editor:** Gillian Wilce; **Deputy Literary Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, John Duncan (London), Tim Freeman; **Display advertisements:** Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** Laura Berryman, David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK £32/Overseas (air speeded) £36; Air mail: Europe £36, Middle East £41, Africa/India/South America £45, Australasia/Far East £49, USA $79, Canada $92

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

New Statesman

Vol 108 No 2800 16 November 1984

Harold Macmillan's 'terrible strike'

'IT BREAKS my heart to see what is happening in the country today', he said. The greatest of modern Tory ham actors was making his coded come-back attack on Mrs Thatcher's government.

For what is happening in the country today has two main elements. One is the attack on trade unionism, centred on the government's determination to undermine the position of the NUM. The other is the determination to make a major shift away from public provision of adequate welfare towards 19th century values of laissez faire capitalism. The second was underlined by Mr Lawson's autumn economic statement this week, which made it clear that the government's overwhelming economic priority is to reduce taxation on incomes — even if this can only be done by way of increasing what are in effect indirect taxes — like gas and electricity prices and water charges — and by selling off productive capital assets for the sake of a one off capital gains. Lord Stockton, aka Mr Harold Macmillan, comes from a generation of Tory politicians for whom 'one nation' meant at least something.

The Left and the trade union movement have their own reasons to be heartbroken. The events of the last nine months have unquestionably done severe damage, at least in the short term, both to Labour's electoral position and to the cohesion of the trade unions. Only those who actually believe that Britain is in a pre-revolutionary condition and who rejoice that the physical confrontations of these last months have heightened the political consciousnesses of the working class can be pleased at what has happened.

In retrospect Arthur Scargill stood the wrong ground. The political and rhetorical reasons which led the NUM to insist on going back to the *Plan for Coal* were obvious enough. It was a tripartite compact, drawn up by the last government and endorsed by this Tory one. It gave the union the cry that it was the government that was failing to honour agreements.

But, as Colin Sweet argued in the *New Statesman* last week, what has happened is that this government has moved, for political reasons and in response to lobbying from the gung ho nuclear lobby, from an energy policy aimed at providing the country with the cheapest possible electricity to one aiming at reducing the industrial power of the miners' union at almost any cost.

This aspect of the government's position is not challenged by massed picketing. What the Left has failed to do is argue through a rational and socialist energy policy for the next thirty years, including the place for coal within it. Unthinking defence of all existing pits with extractable reserves is too brittle a line to hold for ever.

Equally, if — as it does — the NUM argues that the government's attack on the coal industry is an attack on whole communities, then there needs to be a much greater involvement than there has been of whole communities in developing counter-strategies on both the political and the social and economic front. There is still time for the Left to move here so that the strike will not have been in vain. □

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Irish omens not good

LAST WEEK, for the second time in a month, the *Sunday Times* ran a front page story about an IRA bomber living at large in the Irish Republic. Whoever leaked the fact that Scotland Yard officers had gone to Dublin to ask for the extradition of Evelyn Glenholmes must have been aware of the additional cloud that it would place over the Anglo-Irish summit meeting between Mrs Thatcher and Dr FitzGerald, due to start on Sunday. It is, though, only the latest omen that the summit is doomed to disappoint.

Unless, that is, Mrs Thatcher can be persuaded to concentrate for a moment on the Irish question — long enough to see that there is a chance of making an inch of progress in the right direction, if the British government has any interest in making progress, and a danger of setting back any progress for a decade, if it is not.

The indications coming out of Whitehall are not encouraging. Mrs Thatcher is still clearly obsessed with the miners' strike and has tried for nine months to avoid any other significant political exposure until it is over.

She might be prepared to face Mr Paisley, but the idea of being publicly pilloried by Enoch for selling out Ulster frightens her politically. And there is no question about it, *any* progress on the Irish question will involve a degree of denial to Ulster Protestants of a *total* veto over constitutional and administrative development between North and South and that *would* be denounced instantly in extravagant terms by Mr Powell.

There seems, though, very little understanding in Whitehall of the delicate and exposed position that Dr FitzGerald has put himself into to make progress over Ireland. There is real sourness now in Dublin at the lack of any positive reaction in London to what came out of the New Ireland Forum. James Prior reacted cautiously, but in a way which indicated that its report opened a crack to a positive way forward. But James Prior is gone and Douglas Hurd in his place gives the impression of a political factotum in place of a substantial political figure — a factotum, what's more, increasingly dominated by his officials at the Northern Ireland Office, whose cautious instincts are that Protestant supremacy in the North should not be upset.

All the indications are that Mrs Thatcher and her advisers would like to put the Irish question on a back burner. The two Prime Ministers, it is argued, get on quite well personally (they do mainly because FitzGerald has deliberately cultivated her), so the issues can be brought back onto the agenda at some later point, provided Garret is not actually humiliated at the weekend.

But the reality is that FitzGerald is politically more isolated as a result of his willingness to go the extra mile than Whitehall realises. Not only opposition leader, Charles Haughey, but some of his own colleagues are saying in private that he has gone too far to meet the British on extradition and joint security and got nothing for his pains. Haughey has said that the Supreme Court has acted unconstitutionally in recent extradition cases.

Dr FitzGerald's advisers are determined that he should not come away from this summit with egg on his face. (There is already private anger that the summit has been moved from Dublin.) If there appears to be no substance in the British negotiating position at the weekend. Dr FitzGerald can limit the damage to his own position by taking the line: 'We tried to take the New Ireland Forum process forward, but the British just weren't interested'. The line would get Dr Fitzgerald back onside politically. But it would be the call of despair. □

Inns and outs of court

THERE'S A CLEAR-CUT, obvious and scandalously overdue solution to the homelessness of London University students, which this week led to an injunction in the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand to remove a handful of them who had squatted 66-72 Gower Street, London WC1. The legal profession should get out of the Inns of Court, which should become the prime campus of London University. Lawyers should be in commercial premises (eg City high-rises), just like any other persons selling their services — as indeed they are in most of the world's major cities. The lawns, gardens, chapels, pleasant houses and flats they presently occupy should be devoted to learning in its wider sense, and to providing more young people with a happy interlude before they face the horror of the job market. Who really are the squatters?

Well, who? Students of the 16th century and of England's literary glory know that by any modern definition the Inns of Court were then a university, to which upwardly-mobile youngsters flocked — seeking, as Francis Bacon did, the education and the contacts which could bring them hope of 'preferment'. That the education was then in 'the law' was because that was the road (like Civil Service examinations today) to the Queen's service, for which, these days, read 'employment'. But the Inns were more than that: Shakespeare drew on their students for his audiences; and there are signs that Marlowe was often writing for the literature-lovers of Gray's Inn. What major playwright would today launch a great play in the Inns, as *Twelfth Night* was launched? Who would go there to find intellectual life, or for any fun other than the Dickensian decadence of today's lawyers' dinners? Nobody. The mortmain of the law should be removed, the homeless of London's student life be brought back into London, in place of the Inns' present torpor. □

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WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS OF COP CAR CRASHES

POLICE CARS are getting involved in more accidents injuring or even killing civilians. MELISSA BENN and KEN WORPOLE report

CLIVE SOLEY MP (Labour, Hammersmith) has obtained figures from the Home Office on behalf of Inquest, the organisation which campaigns about deaths in police custody.

Though limited to accidents in London since 1981, these show that 28 people, 21 of them members of the public, have been killed in police car accidents since that year. The trend is upward: three deaths in 1981, five the following year, 11 in 1983, and nine so far in 1984. Total injuries between 1981-1984 (to date) have been 1,150. National figures, it's estimated, may be four times as high.

London's worst case

The number of accidents per police car in London in terms of operational mileage is apparently increasing. In 1974 police cars were involved in some form of accident every 20,787 operational miles. By 1980 this figure was down to one accident every 10,856 miles.

Andrzej Krauze

The capital's worst case in recent years happened in Ruislip in 1982 when a police car travelling at speeds 'of up to 100 mph' hit a car containing four young people, killing them all, together with one of the policemen. The annual report of the Metropolitan Police gives the numbers of police killed in car accidents but not the number of civilians hurt.

The figures are surprisingly similar to the numbers of deaths in police custody, yet while deaths in custody is a much aired and contentious issue, deaths caused by police car chases aren't. Yet they too illuminate a crucial aspect of contemporary policing discussed in the PSI report on the Met published in November 1983. It was said there that 'a considerable amount of police behaviour can best be understood as a search for some interest, excitement and sensation', with fast driving being one of the most obvious potential examples.

Of course police are subject to the same laws as anybody else, yet to date there's no evidence of police drivers involved in such accidents receiving the heavy fines or even periods of imprisonment for dangerous driving which would clearly happen if they were civilians. £100 fines and a transfer to other duties seem to be the most common result of DPP investigations and prosecutions.

Pursuing a suspect

The car which killed 5 people in Ruislip was chasing a suspected stolen car which in fact got away. In July this year another car chase in North London after a suspected vehicle resulted in the death of one police officer and the serious injury of two others. In June this year Michael Shanley was killed crossing Staines Road by a police car answering a summons for help which had grown out of an incident in which some teenagers had been kicking a bus shelter.

A 10 mile high-speed car chase last month in West London left seven people in hospital, three of them seriously injured. Other victims have been children on pedestrian crossings and passers by.

The Home Office Manual of Police Driving Instruction is clear as to the priorities which police drivers should adopt. It states: 'No police call is so serious as to justify an accident. It is far better that a criminal should escape for the time being than that the crew of a police car or other road users should be exposed to risk or injury.'

The seemingly worsening trend in police car deaths raises the question whether altering patterns of crime in the capital are the sufficient explanation, or whether the Manual needs re-iterating — as some citizens might fear, as flashing lights and wailing sirens become an ever more scaring feature of London's roads. ●

Melissa Benn and Ken Worpole have been commissioned by INQUEST on a grant from the GLC to write a detailed study of deaths in police custody in London. This study will be published in Autumn 1985.

Old hangar to hold pickets?

POLICE are preparing to use an old air hangar at Acklington, a former RAF base in Northumberland, for mass arrests of picketing miners, according to information passed to the NS. *While police predictably deny any such plans, the scenario in the North-East indicates it could be a possibility. At Butterwell opencast colliery alone, there are 4 million tonnes of coal stocks which the Coal Board may attempt to move in the coming weeks* — Miners' Pickets Roll Call p6. ●

BELGRANO ENQUIRY

MP's need for good staff work

AFTER THE EXCITEMENT of Michael Heseltine's appearance and the 'lost log' sensation last week, it was business as usual this Wednesday for the Commons select committee on Foreign Affairs. The 11 MPs — seven Tories and four Labour — interviewed the authors of what is now a paperback best seller, *The Sinking of the Belgrano*, and the man those authors allege kept London informed of the Peruvian peace plan, ex-ambassador to Peru Charles Wallace.

Last week Heseltine was asked whether the decision to sink everything (including the *Belgrano*) on sight, *outside* the exclusion zone, was compatible with the government's declared policy of using 'minimum force', and whether doing it without warning was compatible with international law; this week the committee concentrated on whether the war cabinet knew that a negotiated peace was at hand when it authorised all-out war.

Arthur Gavshon, one of the *Belgrano* book authors, claims a Foreign Office source told him that the FO knew about the Peruvian peace plan at the time — and the FO's top civil servant Sir Antony Acland was at the war cabinet meeting on 2 May which authorised the sinking of the *Belgrano*.

The question of whether a Parliamentary select committee is the best means of establishing the truth is again surfacing, as of course it did in the last session when relevant material — the Belgrano papers — was tamely returned to the Defence Ministry. One of the ironies of last week's hearing, when Heseltine was rather ineffectually cross-examined by poorly-briefed Labour MPs, was that Norman St John-Stevas, who claims to be the architect of the select committee system, was left whistling in the wind for a government White Paper setting the record straight.

Heseltine's hearing last week emphasised the need for MPs to have proper research support, and for the select committees to be developed into an effective system of monitoring and calling to account the government. The Defence Secretary was able to avoid some questions altogether — by taking violent exception to a supplementary remark, for instance — and to mislead on others.

He told Ian Mikardo, the 76-year old veteran left-winger (who mastered his brief better than 42-year old veteran left-winger Dennis Canavan): 'The submarine was instructed politically not to attack ships picking up survivors after the sinking of the *Belgrano*.' He omitted to say this instruction came two days after the sinking, during which time the submarine searched for the *Belgrano*'s escorts with the intention of sinking them. The best-informed of the Labour members of the committee, Nigel Spearing, lacks the legal training which would give him the edge in cross-examining witnesses.

Meanwhile the other investigation into the *Belgrano*, 'trial by television', continues in parallel. This week's *Brass Tacks* programme touched a raw nerve with Lord Lewin, who was chief of defence staff during the Falklands war. He was so furious at having his version of events contradicted by Tam Dalyell that he reportedly stormed out of the studio saying: 'I never want to hear the word *Belgrano* again.' If the select committee were televised, as it should be, would the 'parallel' efforts of *Brass Tacks* (or of the *New Statesman*) be so necessary?

John Rentoul

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SEARCH FOR A MARKET IN 'POST-FEMINISTS'

TWO MORE magazines are under wraps which will be trying, like *Working Woman* already launched, to capture what they identify as 'the new woman' readership. JANE DIBBLIN reports on what some are trying also to call the 'post-feminist' market

IF ALL HOPES are realised, there's going to be a new UK threesome, each claiming to be different from one-another and from the immensely competitive existing range of titles for women. *Working Woman*, launched last month, is edited by Audrey Slaughter, who earlier made her name and fortune with IPC's *Honey* and her own *Over 21*.

It claims already to have achieved its target circulation of 70,000 among what it calls 'rather older, well-educated, up-market women who take their careers just as importantly as their social lives'. But the 'go-getting' woman idea implicit in Audrey Slaughter's project grates on the planners of the larger of the new projects due out 1986.

'*Cosmopolitan* tells you how to get your man, *Working Woman* how to get your top job', says one of the driving forces behind the '86 project. 'Well-known figures from the '70s generation of the women's movement' are behind this one, but they're trying to keep their names quiet till plans are further ahead. The magazine won't, the women say, focus on 'getting either men or directorships.'

'It'll be designed', says our source, 'for the post-feminist era. We'll be aiming for the woman who says "I'm not a feminist *but*..." We'll have feminists writing for the magazine, but want something stylish that isn't dour and heavy, and doesn't frighten women off.' Some £200,000 of capital is to be sought from private investors and grants bodies.

Just as the rumours circulate about this as yet unnamed magazine, another, also aiming for the 'I'm not a feminist, *but* . . .', has been announced. Called *Everywoman* — a title used before, long ago, in the women's magazine market — it differs radically from its potential competitor of 1986 in that it'll be non-glossy and going for a small 5,500 readership compared to 70-100,000. It depends on voluntary labour and has a low working capital of £3,500, from the 'personal savings' of the two women behind it, Islington councillor Barbara Rogers and Candy Atherton, formerly of CND National Council.

A new era *Everywoman*

They're hoping to have the magazine on the streets next spring. They were approached by the 'rival' group offering co-operation on a joint venture, but turned it down because they want an early launch. Their money will probably last for about two to three issues. After that they'll be relying on sales at 50p a time, and advertising.

But will these publications take crucial sales from Britain's existing feminist monthlies, *Spare Rib*, launched 1972 and *Outwrite*, launched 1982? One of the *Outwrite* collective members tells *NS*: 'As another publication on women's issues we welcome them and don't feel threatened. We are offering something unique — a paper produced by a majority of Black and Third World women. We've heard that *Everywoman* will be somewhere between *Spare Rib* and *Working Woman* — we sincerely hope it will be more like the former. They say they are trying to introduce women to feminism — what sort of feminism? Will it only be the interests of white middle class women?'

Spare Rib, meanwhile, are 'keeping our powder dry and waiting to see the product.' They are hoping to boost their own circulation with a revamped design. ●

Raissa Page/Format

Planning stages of *Everywoman* — Barbara Rogers (l) and Candy Atherton (r)

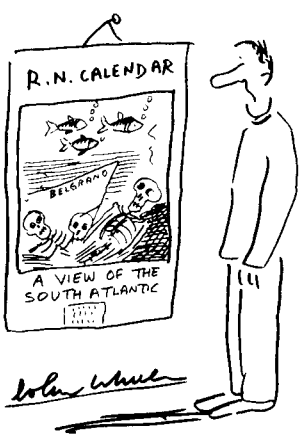
MISCELLANY

Caudine fork-lunch

Revealed: how the editor of the *Guardian* received an instant lesson in Marxist tactics. Peter Preston had lunch a little while back with the Polish ambassador, Stephan Staneskewski. Why, asked Preston, were the Poles sending strike-breaking coal to Britain in record quantities, instead of supporting the revolutionary struggle of the miners against Mrs Thatcher's wicked capitalist regime? Staneskewski looked to each side, put down his knife and fork, leaned across the table and replied: 'Mr Preston, does this look like a pre-revolutionary situation to you?'

MinDeaf

What loves they are at MinDef. Having sent their very own police round on 21 September to caution three NS *journalists re the Belgrano papers they've now posted to us the Royal Navy calendar for 1985, with pictures of submarines for the month*



of February. Curiously, no mention of their service in the Falklands war is made, though we hear of the Sea of Marmora, a touch less well known than the Atlantic . . .

Touch-down in Rugby

It was noticed in the *Observer* (11 November) but not much elsewhere that in the midst of the Reagan apocalypse Gerry Studds of Massachusetts fought the Democratic fight as an out gay man and won. So he's in Washington as a unique form of Congressman. Over here Colin Welch in the *Spectator* (11 November) was doing a knee-jerk about how 'granted legality' homosexuals 'have advanced boldly, noisily, immodestly . . ' etc. Which is par for a heterofogey. But more than he knows has been going on. NALGO has of course been breaking new ground in trades unionism by organising this week's lobby of Rugby Council, and last Saturday's march through Rugby itself, to protest about Rugby Council leaders' positive discrimination policy against lesbians and gay men in local government hiring. Saturday's events included a public meeting in the Benn Memorial Hall (lump that, Welch) next to the Town Hall. Mike Blick, chair of NALGO's local government committee, spoke first; then Jeff Coupe, Rugby councillor (Labour); then Chris Crawley — she's Labour Euro-MP for Birmingham East. Then Chris Smith, Labour MP for Islington South & Finsbury. 'I am gay' he said, before press, cameras, and an audience which rose to its feet with applause — the best-deserved political ovation of the year. Smith's freely given 'coming out' is the House's first, though Welch's 'legality' was 'granted' when Smith and the rest of the young generation of homosexuals in today's Commons were teenagers.

Bare-faced ad

A prize-winning advertisement by British Nuclear Fuels Ltd (BNFL) shows a pair of apparently female hands holding a small circular paperweight said to represent all the solidified high-level radioactive waste that would result from an individual's lifetime use of nuclear electricity. At the Sizewell Inquiry one of the CEGB's main witnesses said that if he found such a lump he'd 'move several yards away and arrange to measure its gamma activity behind temporary shielding. If necessary I would then place it in a shielded container'.

Ana Gram loonies (6)

The anagrammatical craze is sweeping the country. It makes *Trivial Pursuits* (whose most endearing question in the UK version has the po-faced enquiry: which film features the biggest dick in the world?) look like Particle Physics Challenge. Reader Hugh Pyle of Jesus College says for this week's candidate Peter Shore that if only the Opp Leader of the House were to be knighted (perhaps he'd better decline) we'd get 'To err is herpes'. Following Neil Kinnock ('I knock Lenin'), Roy Hattersley ('The Tory slayer'), Gerald Kaufman ('A UK red flag man'), Michael Meacher ('Rich male, me ache') and Denis Healey ('Diesel hyena'), you've sent in shoals for Peter Shore. Over 100. Many of you sent in 'Terse hoper'. Stan Smith of Dundee produced no less than 31 analphabetical Shores, abruptly collapsing in exhaustion with 'Er, stop here'. Katie Mallett of Canvey Island and also the indefatigable Sievewright produced 'The reposer'. Many offered 'The Eros rep'. And the School of Epistemics in Edinburgh (hmmmm), personified in Robert Dale and Ewan Klein, suggests the counter-Thatcherish 'Step o'er her'. For next week, a real corker: Mrs Gwyneth Dunwoody. Bet you can't do anything with that.

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Heroin project by Jimmy Boyle

FORMER Glasgow gang boss Jimmy Boyle who now works with the pioneering Gateway Exchange Project for young heroin addicts in Edinburgh is to help set up a similar operation in Wandsworth, South West London.

Boyle, now 40, whose dramatic life story was shown in the TV documentary *'A Sense of Freedom'* had a meeting two weeks ago with representatives from the Wandsworth Drugs Community Project and concerned parents in the area, and work is already under way converting the new centre's premises at 185 Putney Bridge Road.

The news that Wandsworth's heroin problem is to be tackled in such a way has not, however, met with unanimous support, local Conservative councillor Peter Bingle saying that such a heroin centre is totally unsuitable for an area like Putney: 'I imagine local residents will feel quite angry at this news, and that the people behind the scheme may find they are not very welcome here.'

Jimmy Boyle himself isn't surprised at this initial reaction. The Edinburgh project also met with considerable opposition before it opened its doors in August. He puts Gateway's success down to the blatant street credibility and a policy of quiet persuasion — much more attractive to young addicts than the somewhat off-putting image of statutory bodies.

Putney's GLC member Andy Harris has welcomed the news of a local centre and is hoping to get some

PA

Jimmy Boyle

GLC funding for the project. Boyle himself sees heroin addiction as the greatest of all evils affecting today's younger generation. 'When I was young there was at least a certain nobility about being in a gang. Heroin addicts don't even have that.'

Barry McIlheney

'Hot air', says Berlin judge

THE TWO Greenpeace activists who were fined for flying a hot-air balloon over Berlin in a protest against nuclear testing (NS 5 October) are now planning to appeal. John Sprange, a British citizen, and Gert Leipold, from Hamburg, were last week found guilty in a West Berlin court of illegally piloting a 'military device' in the restricted airspace over the city, and fined a total of about £200.

The judge, Justice Wolfgang Vart, made clear during the day-long trial that he wanted to throw the case out but couldn't. He described Greenpeace as an honourable group, and was impressed by the safety precautions the protesters had taken. Under a 1946 Allied law their 'crime' was punishable by prison or even death. John Sprange believes that the use of this draconian old law by West Germany's public prosecutor was deliberately meant to 'put the frighteners' on them.

Rob Edwards

A 'Harrington' row brewing in Glasgow

SCOTLAND may now have its own Patrick Harrington situation, with the discovery that 21 year old Eric Brand — Glasgow organiser of the British National Party, one of numerous National Front breakaway groups in the late 1970s — has become a student at Paisley College of Technology near Glasgow.

Brand writes regularly for *Spearhead*, the BNP's official organ, and has been described in the paper as 'one of the party's most dedicated and capable younger officers'. This week, the college's students representative council will consider calls for students to have the right to be educated separately from 'racists' and 'fascists'. Already, Paisley students are voicing the same fears as students at the North London Polytechnic that by voicing their own opinions in classes they may find themselves on fascist 'hit lists'.

These fears are heightened by considerable rightwing violence — allegedly involving NF and BNP supporters — against Troops Out and Irish Republican marchers throughout the west of Scotland. Nazi stickers, mainly calling for the death penalty for the IRA, are appearing in the city, and Democratic Unionist Party posters have recently featured pro-Irish unity quotes from the LPYS. Left wing observers feel that Scottish fascists may be building a campaign specifying young left wing activists as their main targets.

Racist leaflets and stickers have appeared at the Paisley College, although Brand has denied issuing these. He has claimed, however, that the BNP has several members at Paisley. In what many suspect to be a 'copy-cat' right-wing ploy, Brand threatens legal action against any attempt by fellow students to exclude him from the campus.

Ian Sutherland

MINERS PICKETS ROLL CALL (4)

Total of arrests to date*: 7,714

*from 14 March to 9 November. Exclusive of arrests of supporters on street collections etc.

IN THE COURTS

As of 8 November, 6,356 pickets had been charged with 8,194 offences. Only 2,898 cases had been heard in court by that date: 64 per cent of cases were still to be heard. The largest number of charges were for 'breach of the peace' — 3,264 made under the Public Order Act and 117 under common law — followed by obstruction of the police — 1,525 cases. There has been an increasing number of charges for 'unlawful assembly' — 507 — and criminal damage — 724 — as well as intimidation — 226. In the last month police have also brought new and more serious charges, three cases of threats to kill and three explosives offences.

Since the summer about a fifth of pickets who have had their cases heard have been acquitted (596 at 8 November). But an increasing number of those found guilty have been given custodial sentences; 47 have now been jailed and six sent to detention centres. Suspended sentences have gone to a further 32. 66 per cent of those sentenced received fines — a third of these were for sums of £100 or more.

MASS ARRESTS

Between 18 July and 16 October, 20 per cent of arrests (in England and Wales) had been made in Nottinghamshire, 16 per cent in Derbyshire, 13 per cent in South Yorkshire and 12 per cent in Northumbria.

The number of mass arrests has now declined from its peak in August as the focus of activity as shifted into South Yorkshire.

12 October 8 arrests in Gateshead outside NCB offices.

18 October 10 arrests in Ollerton outside colliery.

18 October 19 men appear in Barnsley magistrates court charged with stealing coal from Grimethorpe pit, and receive fines between £15 and £35, totalling £375; the value of the stolen coal was £100.50. 15 of those charged are to be considered for dismissal from NCB.

19 October 9 arrests at Denby Grange, West Yorkshire, 9 at Brodsworth, South Yorkshire and 10 at Ollerton.

6 November Police arrest a 61-year-old woman in her home near Shirebrook after she refuses to go indoors as police escort a strike-breaker through her village.

BAIL CONDITIONS

The bail conditions which have been set on a large number of those arrested, restricting them to picket only at their own pit and not to participate in any other activity to do with the strike, were held to be lawful by Lord Chief Justice Lane on 12 October. A test case had been brought on behalf of over 1,800 pickets who had these conditions imposed by Mansfield magistrates.

Bail conditions were imposed on 25 October on two Derbyshire miners that they should reside in Wick, a 15 hour train journey away, and stay with a relative of one of them; they had both already spent 45 days on remand in jail on charges of 'unlawful assembly' and 'staging an affray'.

PRISON

In September, a Staffordshire miner was imprisoned for 8 days for breaking jail conditions and two Yorkshire miners were jailed for three months for criminal damage and using insulting words and behaviour. On 5 November, 400 Scots miners demonstrated in Edinburgh over the imprisonment of a strike committee chairman, held in jail for three weeks for breaking bail conditions.

PIT VILLAGES

Mining communities have been receiving increased police attention.

16 October Grimethorpe, Yorks. Following mass arrests of coal pickets (see above) by police in riot gear and the handcuffing of children, the village police station and woman sergeant are attacked by 200 people as a result of 'deep frustration' according to the local vicar. At a meeting the following day, the deputy chief constable of South Yorkshire apologised to the village for any police misbehaviour.

19 October Brodsworth, Yorks. Riot police pursue pickets across the village with truncheons drawn and dogs, following a mass picket by 1,200 miners.

INTIMIDATION OF STRIKERS

The Cresswell miners' food kitchen was destroyed in an arson attack on 15 October. A wheelchair-bound wife of a striking miner in Leigh, Lancs was attacked in her home by three masked men on 23 October; one tried to knife her, and another to strangle her as the third smashed up ornaments — police are investigating

The GLC Police Committee Support Unit has produced a leaflet on street collections in London, available from Room 602, County Hall, London SE1 7PB (01-633 5944). Further advice can be obtained from the National Council for Civil Liberties (01-403 3888). The Public Order Research Group is collecting details of harassment of street collectors (9 Poland Street, London W1 01-734 5831). Please send any information on police or court treatment of striking miners, their families, and supporters to **Miners Pickets Roll Call**, at the **New Statesman**.

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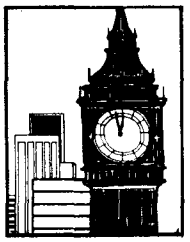

PETER KELLNER

Why Labour's leadership is wrong about Scargill

THERE ARE broadly three ways of assessing Arthur Scargill and his method of prosecuting the miners' strike. The first is that of the primitive Right: to assert that Mr Scargill is a power-crazed egomaniac, lacking any rational strategy. The second is that of most of the Left: to argue that he is pursuing a militant industrial battle against the National Coal Board to protect his members' jobs. The third is that of a section of the Left and the Intelligent Right: to insist that Mr Scargill is conducting the strike not just to secure the coal board's acceptance of *Plan for Coal*, but as an historic conflict between the vanguard of Britain's working class and the forces of capitalism.

I suspect many more people than we would care to admit hold the first view. Certainly the polling evidence shows Mr Scargill to be publicly unpopular; and, when Gallup repeated questions asked during the 1974 dispute, it found considerably more support for the miners then than today. However, irrational mania cannot explain why 140,000 miners have remained on strike for eight months.

The second explanation — that the strike is a traditional, if long-lasting, industrial battle — enjoys support both from people who think the strike will succeed and from those who believe it will fail. Gerald Kaufman, the shadow home secretary, last week denounced government statements comparing miners' pickets with the IRA precisely on the grounds that the IRA acts violently to challenge Britain's political institutions, while the miners are, on the whole, acting within the political process to achieve an industrial end. The fact that Mr Kaufman thinks that Mr Scargill has bungled the dispute does not alter this point. I would wager that an opinion poll among miners would find them at least as hostile as the rest of the public to the IRA; and, for that matter, as keen as anyone else two years ago to see the Argentinians defeated in the Falklands.

Mr Scargill, too, presents the strike in public as a straightforward matter of settling an industrial dispute. His position, frequently repeated, is that the union is not even striking over a new demand — it simply wants to stop the coal board unilaterally rewriting *Plan for Coal*. On that basis he demands the unquestioning support of the TUC and the Labour Party.

If that were a complete and sufficient explanation of the strategy and tactics pursued by Mr Scargill, there would be no question but that the rest of the labour movement would now be supporting him — not just with conference resolutions, which come cheap, but with practical assistance, which costs more and which has been notably lacking. Mr Scargill's problem, at root, is that Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley and Norman Willis and David Basnett and Gavin Laird (not to mention Eric Hammond, who would rethink the laws of arithmetic if Mr Scargill said two plus two made four) do *not* believe the strike is being led by people who are going a sensible way about righting an industrial wrong.

The components of this doubt are clear enough: Mr Scargill's decision not to hold a pit-head ballot at the start of the dispute; his repeated refusal to condemn the violence inflicted by a minority of pickets; his insistence on running the strike his way and *demanding* the support of other unions, rather than consulting with the TUC early in the dispute to seek an agreed common strategy; his willingness for the NUM to entertain support from Libya.

The primitive right-wing interpretation of all this is to confirm their picture of Mr Scargill as an irrational madman. The interpretation of much of the Left is to minimise its significance. The ballot? No longer an issue. Picket violence? Wrong, but the police are worse. Lack of consultation with the TUC? A tactical error, but don't let's get hung up on petty protocol. Libya? A silly mistake, but not important.

Both sets of interpretations make Mr Scargill out to be a fool — a greater, more malicious fool if viewed from the Right; a lesser, more benign fool if viewed from the centre-left.

THERE IS ANOTHER interpretation: that Mr Scargill is nobody's fool, that he knows exactly what he is doing, that each stage in the dispute has been carefully thought through, and that it is by his consistency of purpose that he should be judged.

The jigsaw then fits together. The pieces combine to make a picture drawn by Mr Scargill himself in *New Society* almost three years ago. His article, co-authored with Peggy Kahn, was entitled 'The case for conflict'. It provides a coherent argument for unions using their powers to wage political war on capitalist society.

There is nothing fudged or mealy-mouthed about Mr Scargill's argument. He insists that unions must play no part in the management of enterprises, for this would compromise their political purposes; along the way he criticises not only the 1976 Bullock report on industrial democracy — no surprise there — but also the more left-wing views of the Institute for Workers' Control:

> The experience of the coal industry forcefully reveals the weaknesses of the principles and proposals for workplace participation, whether of the Bullock or the IWC type.

Scargill argues that the consultation system built up in the coal industry 'helped to create an overall acceptance of the rundown' in the 1950s and 60s. But what of *Plan for Coal* — is this not union involvement in management decisions on a grand scale? According to Mr Scargill, the NUM agreed to it 'specifically as an extension of free collective bargaining . . . which maintains the separate organisations of the working class and allows them to exercise sanctions . . . The struggle for real control must be waged not only industrially but also politically . . . Militant trade union discussion, bargaining and strikes don't necessarily produce socialist consciousness. On the other hand they sometimes do . . .'

What has happened this year is a logical consequence of that argument. The strike does have a political, and not just industrial purpose. It is pre-revolutionary, rather the revolutionary: a serious exercise intended to raise the consciousness of the working class, clarify the dividing line between the oppressors and the oppressed, weaken the Thatcher government, and undermine the corporatist tendencies of other union leaders.

Return to that checklist of apparent 'errors': No ballot? Of course not: vanguards always start in a minority; it is the process of struggle that mobilises the majority. No condemnation of picket line violence? The pickets are at the sharp end of the class war, and the police are on the other side. No consultation with the TUC? The general council is dominated by no-good corporatists. Libya? Every side in every war has dodgy allies (remember that in the second world war it was Stalin's troops that broke the Wehrmacht); ultimately Libya is on the same side as Mr Scargill in the war against capitalism.

For someone as committed as Mr Scargill to his version of the class war, the strike has been conducted in an exemplary manner. But — as some sectarian Left papers are now pointing out — there is a fundmental difference between the position of the NUM leadership and that of the Labour Party leadership. Last week's *Socialist Action* carried the one-word headline *Scab*! over a front-page denunciation of Mr Kinnock for refusing to speak at the recent miners' rallies; it calls for a campaign to replace Mr Kinnock as leader.

I cannot say I care for *Socialist Action*'s language; but its basic point is right: Mr Kinnock and Mr Scargill represents political positions that are ultimately incompatible. For those on the Left who wish to see Mr Kinnock as Prime Minister, it is important now for Mr Scargill to be defeated — and for that defeat to be inflicted not by the coal board or the government 'beating' the miners, but by the miners themselves deflating their President. □

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BIAS AT SNAPE MALTINGS

The Electricity Board has an unfair advantage in the massive paperchase that is the public inquiry into the building of a second nuclear power station at Sizewell. David Ross reports

AS THE Sizewell inquiry moves towards completion of its second year, the air of partiality and patronage still prevail at the Snape Maltings. Sir Frank Layfield, the Inspector, personifies the approach of the would-be tolerant, liberal establishment. He is tetchy and impatient about the lack of appreciation shown by the objectors to the generosity of those who have staged this show.

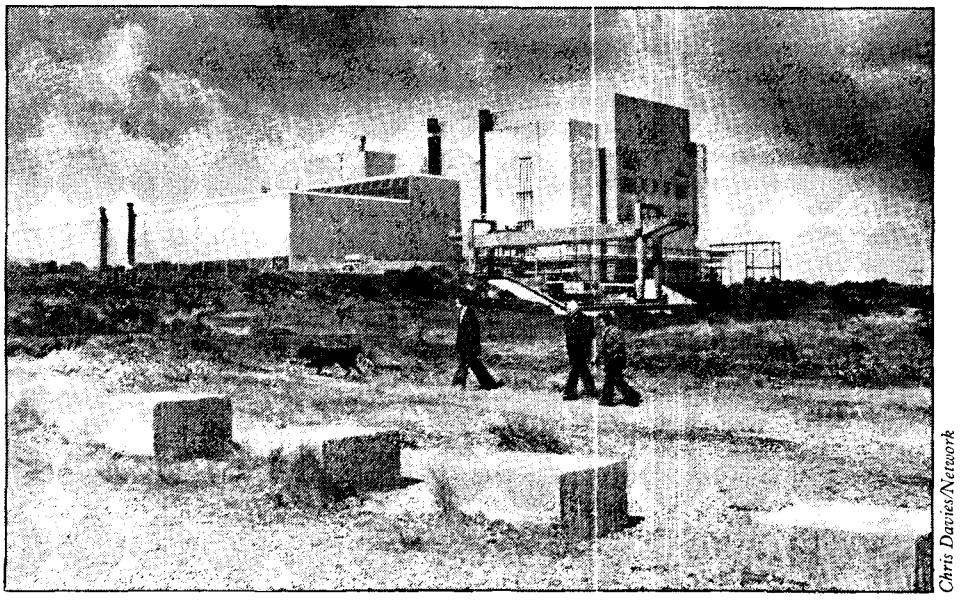
A young man without a tie, fellow named Jones, moves to the microphone to put his questions. Before he can start, Sir Frank is ready to put him in his place.

'Now Mr Jones,' says the Inspector, 'you want to put some questions to Dr Avery (of British Nuclear Fuels). I am sure you appreciate that like a number of other parties you need leave to do that. For my part, I would like to grant that leave so that the questions you wish to put can be put, but I have to balance on the one hand the desire to allow questions to be put that parties would like to put with the need not to take up time unproductively.' This comes from the official transcript and the exchange goes on for three pages of single-spaced A4. Electricity consumers who are paying for the inquiry will be interested to know that Mr Jones was actually allowed to put his questions.

But such parsimony is not engaged when the Central Electricity Generating Board is occupying the time. The day before Mr Jones was put in his place, we were treated to the weekly spectacle of Procedure Time. It opens the hearing every Tuesday. That week, the CEGB occupied more than an hour putting in and amending its own documents. Its barrister, Lord Silsoe, QC, is not cautioned against wasting time. Yet everything that he submitted could have been inserted in the record in writing. Indeed, the Inspector did warn one objector that questions must be sent in the night before they were to be presented at the inquiry, or else they would have to be 'relegated to writing.' But the CEGB isn't addressed like that.

The next witness was Mr Rob Edwards for CND (last week Rob Edwards returned to the inquiry — his personal view, p.9) and he accepted 'with some reluctance' the Inspector's ruling that CND had to prepare (at its own expense) a summary of its main case instead of reading out the document which would then go on the transcript. This is not just a matter of prestige: the transcripts are received and studied by everyone involved in energy. But CND, like most of the objectors, felt (perhaps understandably) that it did not want a head-on conflict with the inspector. There have been other striking examples of the unequal treatment given to the rival groups.

A year ago, in November 1983, Sir Frank sent a circular to all of us who are objectors (or 'parties asking leave to cross-examine' as he prefers to describe us). It was a pocketbook course in how to be a conforming lawyer. We, who were 'not qualified' in the art, should note that 'cross-examination will be of most value if it is relevant. By that, I mean that the questions put are designed and directed towards establishing a part or parts of their case which is apparently in dispute . . .' Others of us have taken the view, with Sir Frank in disagreement, that the purpose is to undermine a part of the other side's case. Certainly a different standard is applied when the establishment uses cross-examination.



Chris Davies/Network

Walking the dog in front of the existing nuclear power station at Sizewell: CEGB lawyers off the leash at the Inquiry?

A few days after that circular went out, Sir Frank sat with a smug smile on his face as his counsel, Mr Henry Brooke, QC, used the device of cross-examination to savage one of the most industrious of the objectors, Mr Colin Sweet, who has been tireless in working through the mass of documents that have been spawned by the inquiry. (It is difficult to convey just how much paper is circulating. Every morning, at 9.30, there is a transcript of about 90 pages of single-spaced typing available and we are heading for Day 300. Every witness enters background papers and reference documents. The Secretariat at the inquiry possesses probably the world's best energy library — but no one can possibly read it all. The CEGB is finding it a full-time job to index the title and subjects and provide enough information for a computerised data-bank.)

To return to Mr Brooke, he moved in on Mr Sweet. Mr Brooke is the son of the former Home Secretary of the same name. He is engaging and roguishly handsome. He is also a bully. He paid no attention to the inspector's unctuous circular explaining the purpose of cross-examination. He was taking on Mr Sweet after several hours of tiring, concentrated questioning by Lord Silsoe. Mr Brooke decided to cover his attack with charm. 'You may be relieved to hear after that long cross-examination that I only want to ask you about two matters.' Mr Brooke had discovered that the Town and Country Planning Association, which Mr Sweet represents, had asked for a paper on costs and Mr Sweet had not studied it. Mr Sweet tried to be conciliatory: 'It is one of the outstanding things . . .'

Mr Brooke abandoned charm and snarled:

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'Now Mr Sweet, this is an expensive public inquiry . . .' Mr Sweet tried to defend himself: 'It may seem surprising to you but that particular week I was out of London . . . We had no "dedicated" research staff (meaning "dedicated" to the Sizewell inquiry alone and not trying to earn a living at the same time).' 'It is the kind of pressure we are under . . . I am acutely conscious of the fact that quite a lot of things we do are not as adequate as we would like . . . We simply have not been able to cope . . . It is out-of-hours activity.'

It was an ugly scene. A rich barrister, well paid by a powerful organisation, bearing down on a largely-voluntary worker. Mr Brooke would, perhaps, say that he was only doing his job. Perhaps so. But how does this fit in to the Layfield theory of the purpose of cross-examination? How long would an objector have been allowed to continue in this way?

Colin Sweet soon after this had a heart attack, an indication of how hard he had been driving himself.

Another attack was made by Sir Frank on one of the objectors he normally regards with appreciation. Graham Searle is an energy consultant who lives locally and is one of the objectors who usually receives a flashing smile from the inspector. Mr Searle has a polite manner and, indeed, an almost lawyer-like respect for the inquiry. He tried, on behalf of the Stop Sizewell B Association, which is no sort of political subversive like the NUM and the GLC, to ask the National Radiological Protection Board about the leukaemia cases in Leiston, the town closest to the existing Sizewell A. Sir Frank refused to allow him to, on the grounds that not enough was known about the cluster of cases. One way of diminishing the ignorance, it might be thought, would be by questioning the experts. What else is the inquiry for?

These incidents may provide a glimpse of the suffocating atmosphere in which the inquiry is being conducted. Little of this is appreciated in the world outside. It is a small group who have devoted the past two years to a dedicated (in two senses) attendance at the interminable hearings. They see what is going on and they can sometimes be seen around the Tannoys glaring and waving their fists at the exchanges, which are relayed all round the 'campus' or enclave at Snape.

They are witnessing an Establishment event. I have in front of me a letter from one of the most distinguished participants in the inquiry — a radical, but of the Establishment. He writes: 'I've come to the conclusion that the Inspector is leaning over backwards to give the CEGB no opening for complaining (if he reports adversely to them) that they haven't had a fair hearing.' That is the generous interpretation.

We are now moving towards the final submissions. Lord Silsoe is hinting that he may need a full month to sum up the CEGB case. As they have hogged the proceedings until now, and have been responsible for most of the expense, one might have thought that they could declare that they did not need to occupy any more expensive time. But Lord Silsoe shares with Sir Frank Layfield an appreciation of neatness. They are both neat little men. So they will talk it through, to persuade themselves if for no other purpose. □

Routine venom

> I suggest to you that it is those who will lie for the nuclear industry . . . I speak of certain lawyers and communicators, and all public relations experts . . . I say to you that the makers of such lies are filthy little monkeys. I hate them. They may think they are cute. They are not cute. They stink. If we let them, they will kill everything on this lovely blue-green planet with their rebuttals to what we say here today — with their vicious stupid lies.

IT BETRAYS something of the bitterness of last week's proceedings at the Sizewell Inquiry that one of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament's witnesses seriously thought of reading out Kurt Vonnegut's venomous attack on the nuclear industry. Perhaps wisely, the words were left unspoken.

The air was nevertheless thick with alliterative invectice: 'humbug and hypocrisy' said the Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB); 'duplicity and dirty tricks' responded CND. Feelings were running high because some raw nerves had been touched. CND's evidence, presented last week, quotes the highly respected former CEGB chairman, the late Lord Hinton, as saying that the CEGB was telling 'bloody lies' to the Inquiry when it said that none of its plutonium had been used in nuclear weapons.

The CEGB's response was an attempt to discredit the way in which the evidence had been gathered and published. Deliberately exploiting CND's previous lack of legal representation the Board's counsel Mr Fitzgerald launched a harsh and highly personalised attack — a fault of which only last month the CEGB said CND was guilty. Mr Fitzgerald's methods were copied by counsel for British Nuclear Fuels Ltd, Mr Barratt.

A key part of CND's evidence was an academic paper produced by three physicists from Scientists Against Nuclear Arms which provides the best estimate to date of the total amount of plutonium produced by Britain's electricity board reactors. The paper reveals that there are between 6-7 tonnes of plutonium unaccounted for in Britain's civil stockpile. There is evidence from America that about four tonnes of this currently in use in the US fast reactor programme is earmarked for future use in weapons (*NS* 13 July 1984). The remaining 2-3 tonnes is, alleges CND, already in US nuclear weapons.

The CEGB did not deal with the substantive point — the missing plutonium. Its only response was to criticise a few of the paper's minor assumptions. Sir Frank Layfield subsequently made it clear that the lack of any proper critique made it difficult for him to come to any conclusion on the matter. He described the physicists' paper as providing the only plutonium figure 'based on a reasoned footing' that was before the Inquiry. The CEGB's defence was to pass the buck to the Department of Energy which was said to have told the Board not to reveal anything which would allow anyone to work out the rate at which plutonium is produced.

In the industry's only attempt to introduce facts into the argument last week, BNFL did try and clear up the confusion that exists over plutonium exports since 1971. Its two page paper trying to reconcile previously unreconcilable parliamentary answers succeeded in disclosing that parliament has been misled in the past. Some plutonium which was said to have been exported after 1971 was in fact sent just before 1971, and it seems that 215 kilogrammes of the stuff have actually been exported and then reimported.

CND's witnesses have unexpectedly been asked to come back to the Inquiry on 28 November to examine the new material on plutonium exports and to complete cross examination of their evidence. It would be a step in the right direction if the government and CEGB stopped repeating the same old assurances and for the first time provided the Inquiry with some genuine and detailed evidence on the issue before them.

Rob Edwards

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ORGANIC OR ORGANISED?

Mark Smith asks what sort of structure a mass peace movement should have, now that CND has re-established itself

THE CND Annual Conference takes place this weekend against a backdrop of continuing internal debate about the role and tactics of CND as a campaigning group. After the Labour defeat at the General Election, the installation of cruise missiles and a seemingly unequivocal Labour commitment to unilateralism many CND activists are looking at the shape and direction CND needs to take in order to win the political debate on disarmament.

The responsibility upon the shoulders of those meeting at Sheffield is huge; CND now has an annual financial turnover of well over £1,000,000, it has over 106,000 national members and over 1,000 local groups, organised into 13 English regions, Scotland and Wales as well as special interest groupings. More than 2,000 other organisations, local and national, are affiliated to CND. And to handle the volume of work generated by the sheer administrative needs of this complex body, CND owns several buildings and employs over 40 staff. The size of the machine needed to service CND members, pay staff and look after premises has led many in the campaign to fear that administration is becoming too large a drain on resources.

After talking to CND activists in the past few months it is clear that the general disquiet falls into three main areas. Firstly, there is fairly widespread concern about the amount of bureaucracy involved in the running of the campaign and the subsequent slow speed with which decisions are taken, for instance over organising a national demonstration in Coventry against Reagan last summer. Servicing work can be slow too. One CND activist in the Midlands detailed to me how she had just had to try and explain to a supporter why she hadn't received a reply from CND national office after applying to join the campaign over three months before. One of the most active CND members in the North-West, Mike Hally from Blackpool (and one of the few who would be quoted before conference), said he had stopped ordering literature for his local group from national CND because it took so long and switched to buying literature in bulk from West Midlands CND.

Such decentralisation may be the best answer — though it can also create new national bureaucracies to ensure the parts function in harmony. At present CND national office is organised hierarchically with five departmental heads representing the differing responsibilities of the campaign. Committees of CND Council determine how Council decisions are to be implemented and the national officers and Executive of the campaign, meeting monthly, generally supervise the running of CND between Council meetings and conferences. This complex web of relationships and responsibilities often creates tensions between London-based staff and those elected members of committees who see themselves as the true representatives of the campaign in the country. In preparation for this article I spoke to several CND committee members who were clearly unhappy with their roles and saw the administrative machinery of CND, epitomised in their eyes by the staff, playing an increasingly dominant role in decision making.

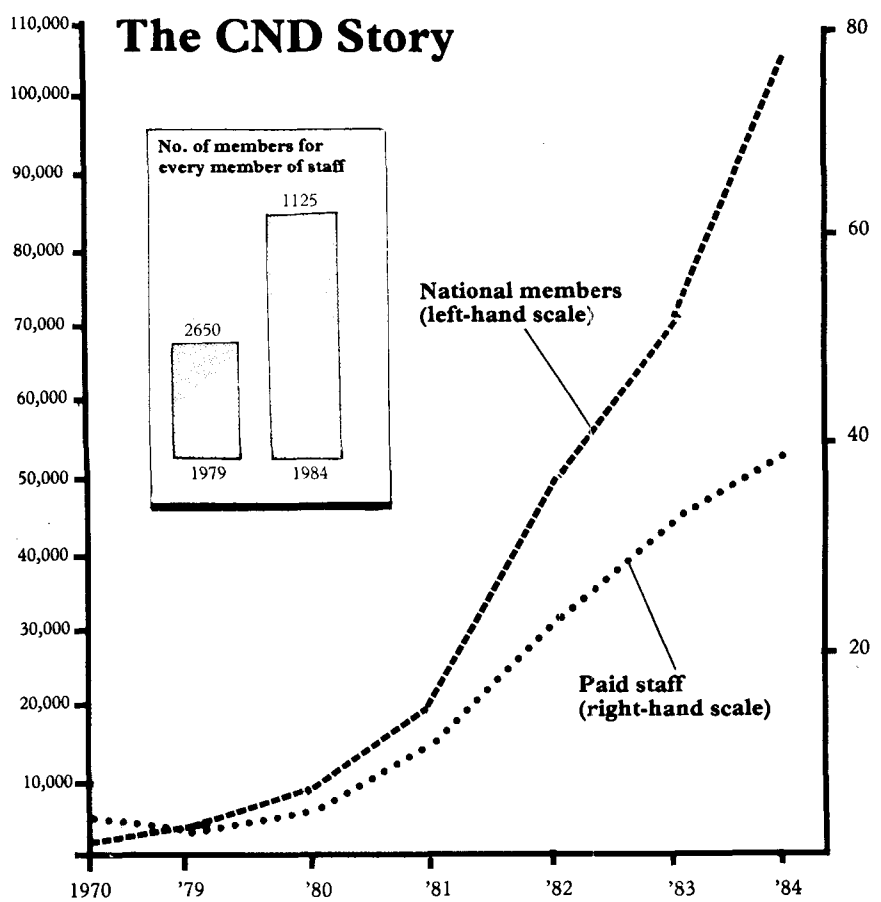
The second main area of discontent was over elections to CND Council, which meets every three months. Apart from the staff and officers of the campaign, CND Council comprises five representatives of each of the 13 regions and two nations, and 20 members who are directly elected each year at annual conference. Altogether, about 120 people are eligible to attend. George Airey, then Chairperson of Barrow CND, expressed the concern of many CND activists from the North when, at the 1983 CND conference, he said that over three-quarters of the 20 directly elected members of Council were again from the South, although the regions' representation is meant to correct any bias towards the known southern activists.

Other areas have expressed another concern about CND Council decision making: because information on decisions to be taken by Council only reaches representatives about one week before the meeting most regions have no chance to discuss the issues beforehand. This prompted Greater Manchester CND to produce and circulate a paper at last year's CND conference entitled 'CND's Democracy' in which they complained that the Council was out of touch with ordinary activists.

IN THE EYES of some CND activists, rightly or wrongly, national CND's centre of gravity has shifted to administration. Although it is not possible to draw an absolute line between 'administration' and 'campaigning' the CND 1983 accounts do show that £196,568 was spent on 'organisation and administration' (not including some £32,825 for 'policy and decision-making') while £135,130 was spent on campaigning activities.

Finally there is the annual conference itself, which draws about 2,000 delegates. There is an argument that as CND is not a political party, and has no powers to enforce decisions on a membership which prides itself on diversity and voluntary enthusiasm, an annual conference is irrelevant. Only one third of groups send a delegate. But it is a natural hunting ground for the sects.

Four resolutions are tabled in the 1984 CND conference agenda dealing with reform, or complete abolition of annual conference on the grounds that it is wasteful of resources and largely unproductive. Mike Hally from Blackpool said of last year's conference that it was 'alienating, divisive and seemed to be dominated from the floor by procedural fanatics determined to push their views without regard to anyone else'. Conference itself last year passed a resolution describing its proceedings as 'unwieldy, alienating and an inefficient method of determining the policy of the campaign'. ▷



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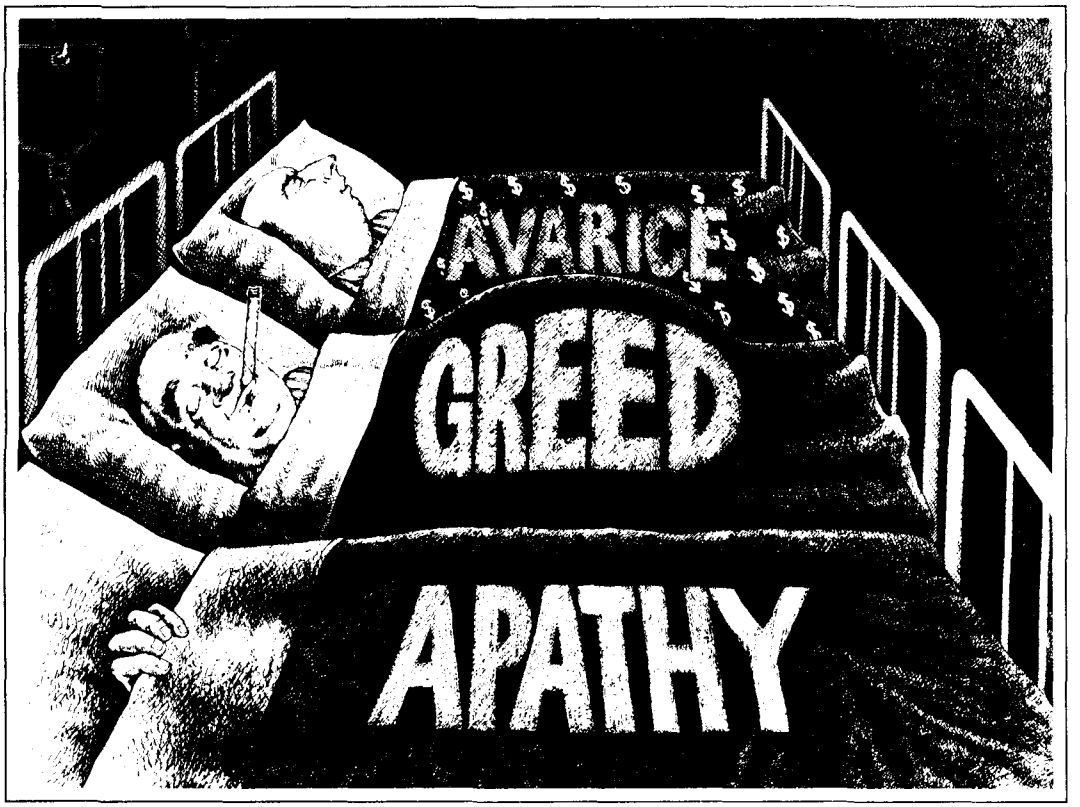

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Yet in the rich world, many are reluctant to acknowledge responsibility; instead they prefer to blame world hunger on a convenient set of myths.

'There's not enough food.' Wrong. The world produces enough food to give every person on earth a nourishing 3,000 calories a day.

'There are too many people.' Wrong. Holland has 1079 people per square mile, while Brazil, where thousands go hungry, has 39.

'We've got food mountains, why can't we send more food?' We shouldn't. Food aid is essential for emergency relief, as in Ethiopia. But as a development tool it can upset local market prices and slow down the progression towards people feeding themselves.

In reality, hunger is a condition which is fuelled by the influences and forces of rich countries like our own.

AVARICE

In 1973, the price of oil doubled twice. Commercial banks, overwhelmed with surplus funds, channelled massive loans to the Third World, and saddled them with floating interest rates. These interest rates have since soared so high, they have crippled many of the poorer nations. To cope with this crisis, these nations have been forced to make heavy cuts. And in human terms, the sacrifices have been severe.

Health and social services, already basic, are now seriously threatened. Food prices have risen dramatically. Wages have been reduced. And work is disappearing.

These austerity measures have had a dire and often fatal effect on the poor. But there is another disease, inextricably linked with avarice, that has caused as much suffering.

Greed.

GREED

The developed nations, comprising 30% of the world's population, consume over 80% of its resources. (Not because they need to; the UK alone swallows over £500,000,000 worth of slimming aids every year.*) To satisfy this greed and at the same time pay the interest rates, developing nations have been forced to grow more crops for export. Consequently, land that should be feeding their people is producing food for European and North American consumers. And thousands of acres are devoted to growing crops for European livestock, whose milk and butter end up as part of the rich world's food mountains.

These systems lead to deprivation for millions. Scarcely able to feed themselves, the poor face a daily struggle to survive. Many don't. Every single day, 40,000 children die as a result of hunger.

APATHY

Little can change while so many in the developed world remain indifferent. In 1983, the share of UK income devoted to aid dropped to almost the lowest level for 20 years. How many even knew?

It is apathy which allows these injustices to persist. And that is why Oxfam is asking you to join a new campaign of hope.

HUNGRY FOR CHANGE

We've called it 'Hungry for Change'. And it stems from a conviction that change is not beyond our reach. Because by publicising the injustice of world hunger, we can attempt to penetrate the barrier of the rich world's indifference.

But we need your support.

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Since that resolution was passed a consultative procedure has been put into effect to find other ways of determining policy. This procedure however has been criticised, because it concentrated on how to improve the present style of conference rather than looking at alternatives and, because it didn't consult the main critics of CND conference, West region.

CND annual conference costs around £20,000 to organise and takes the equivalent of 1½ person years to arrange. Many of those involved in national CND, especially around CND Projects Committee, see this as an unproductive use of resources which could be put to better use elsewhere. This year the West region of CND is proposing to replace conference with a system of delegate democracy, in which the Council members would be much more closely tied to the deliberations of local groups. In theory, this would create wider discussion of resolutions and issues of contemporary relevance, although participative democracy can exclude the less politically active and create problems of national coherence and credibility.

Recent events in CND seem only to have confirmed the fears of those activists worried about CND's shape and direction. Bruce Kent's resignation as General Secretary because of his massive adminstrative burden and the internal debate about whether to buy or lease new premises both beg the question 'What resources should a mass campaign like CND devote to administration?'. Some activists in the peace movement, most notably those around the various peace camps, see CND as having surrendered to the conventional role of a political party, giving priority to the structures while actual campaigning takes second place.

There are certainly positive signs; the national staff of the campaign are singled out for special praise by activists for working long hours in appalling conditions. Organisational developments are altering the imbalance between CND central office and the regions. The new Regions and Areas Working Group is one sign of this and has a budget of £60,000 which it has been distributing to local CND organisations. The Bristol-based 'Know-How' group has also been established to develop grassroots CND activity and ease local groups' reliance on national CND.

Whether CND decides, at its conference next week to gear the campaign towards the activists at local or regional level or to continue to build a mass centralised organisation depends largely on how well the reformers can put their case in an atmosphere which they themselves describe as 'alienating and unhelpful to open discussion'. □

Mark Smith is a member of the Sanity *Editorial Board and CND Council.*

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LACKING AMBITION

There was nothing in the Queen's Speech last week to suggest the government is going to launch a second wave of Thatcherite 'reforms' of the law. This is not because, in the government's own terms, there is nothing more to be done to reduce the centralised power of the State or end monopolies and closed shops. It is because the areas of centralised power untouched by law reform are those which the government and its supporters in the professions and business world most need to perpetuate. From the piecemeal and low key legislation proposed, several clear trends can be seen:
1) The continued move towards centralised administration (the abolition of the GLC and Metropolitan Councils, the national public prosecution service, the ending of subsidies to general bus services);
2) The assertion of commercial criteria and private ownership over any other values such as public service, cultural service, common ownership and accountability (the film industry, the Transport Bill, the flotation of the Trustee Savings Banks);
3) The 'minimal' response to demands for reforms of civil liberties and citizens' rights made by the Court of Human Rights or sheer administrative muddle (telephone tapping, corporal punishment, the public prosecution service, electoral reform);
4) The 'minimal' response to pressure to break up monopolies and cartels (Pesticides Bill, the Administration of Justice Bill).

TRANSPORT BILL

The Transport Bill will jeopardise the future of local bus services. It will end the licensing of bus routes, and break up the national bus company into half a dozen companies and privatise them. Councils will no longer be able to subsidise local bus services generally. Instead they may only subsidise a particular local service, and they will have to put this service out to tender.

The main effect will be:

- an end to many evening and Sunday services,
- steep fare rises on rural routes,
- a lowering of safety standards, with many poorly maintained old bangers being used,
- on profitable urban routes, bus drivers racing each other to be first to the bus stop.

Significantly the new bill excludes London. Labour local authorities, and some Tory ones will oppose or try to amend the Bill. □

SOLICITORS

The Administration of Justice Bill will break the solicitors' conveyancing monopoly and give additional disciplinary powers to the Law Society. In the first instance it will allow 'registered conveyancers' to transfer domestic residential property. Later building societies and banks may also be allowed to do so. This follows pressure from those institutions and the consumer lobby; the main cause was a private member's bill brought by Labour's Austin Mitchell with support from the Consumers' Association. He withdrew it after government undertakings to end the monopoly. The Bill will include proposals on disciplining solicitors which have little to do with the Law Society scandals of last year. Whether new powers, which the Law Society has asked for, will enable them to exercise them with a new firmness of purpose is open to doubt.

The most significant long-term effect of the Bill may be on barristers. Solicitors receive half their income from conveyancing. If it is significantly reduced they will press to exercise the right of advocacy in the higher courts, at the moment a monopoly jealously guarded by the Bar, but which is not enshrined in law. □

CANING CHILDREN

The decision to allow parents to exempt their children from corporal punishment in state schools has united the teaching profession against unworkable legislation. Ever since the government in December 1981 made a settlement of £1,200 to the parents of a girl caned by her headmistress who complained to the European court, it has been clear that corporal punishment would have to be abandoned. The problem for the education minister was how to reconcile Britain's obligations as a signatory to the European Convention on Human Rights to phase out 'degrading treatments' with the desire from a large section of the Tory party to retain the cane. By stressing the 'parents' right to choose', Sir Keith will claim he is acting in line with the party manifesto, thus avoiding the right-wing backlash to any legislating enacting a principled ban on the cane as such. STOPP, the Society of Teachers Opposed to Physical Punishment, will campaign to get parents to opt out. Other cases on corporal punishment from Britain are still to be heard in the European court. □

PESTICIDES

The Food and Environment Protection Bill is merely an enabling piece of legislation, i.e. it gives the government the power to introduce new regulations over pesticides without actually specifying in advance what those regulations will be. At the moment, the British pesticide industry operates a voluntary agreement in which only pesticides whose 'safety' level is approved are distributed. This prevents the import of non-approved foreign pesticides, thereby keeping the price high. Farmers have begun breaking the cartel by directly importing foreign pesticides. Pressure to introduce the new legislation comes from the approved manufacturers, worried about falling prices, and from the EEC which has said the exclusion of foreign products is illegal and

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which plans to introduce new regulations on the residue of pesticides in food.

The government's Bill is the minimum it can get away with. If it were primarily concerned with safety and the environment it would abandon the protective secrecy around what is in pesticides and how manufacturers have tested them for safety and efficacy; it would introduce the public measurement of (and warning labels about) the residue of pesticides in food, including bread; and would control the spraying of pesticides. Opposition to the Bill will come from some Peers, the Friends of the Earth and the Soil Association, and agricultural workers. The National Farmers' Union has mixed feelings. □

RIGHT TO VOTE

The government plans to extend the franchise to Britons either working or holidaying abroad, which will help the Tories (notoriously, the bulk of the ex-patriate community). More importantly, it will change the deposit rules in order to exclude candidates who attract little support but add to the administrative work and, on the loonier fringe, appear to bring elections into disrepute. Today parliamentary candidates recoup their £150 deposit if they obtain 12½ per cent of the vote; those figures have remained unchanged since 1918. The plan is to raise the deposit to £1000, but lower the threshold to 5 per cent. For: the Tories. On the fence: Labour, which will probably vote against, but will be relieved at not having to fend off Communist, WRP, National Front, ethnic minority, Ecology candidates etc. Against: the Liberals and SDP, which prefer a minimum signature (say, 500 electors) requirement and no financial deposit; also opposed: Communists, WRP, National Front, etc. And the Raving Monster Loonies. □

INDEPENDENT PROSECUTORS

The proposal for an independent prosecution service is part of the package which includes the Police and Criminal Evidence Bill. At present some prosecutions are conducted by police officers, others by solicitors working for police forces, and others by private practice solicitors working for a fee. This will be replaced by a national system headed by the Director of Public Prosecutions who will be responsible to Parliament through the Attorney General. This will not constitute an absolute 'safeguard for the accused' against police malice or corruption; the worst abuses should be eliminated but public prosecutors, like the police, will see their main aim as effecting a successful prosecution.

Despite the support for a public prosecution service from the Left, the proposal should be controversial. Contrary to the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure the new service will not be accountable to any local authority or opinion, and the vague relationship between the Attorney General and the DPP will impair parliamentary accountability. Given the serious criticism of the DPP's judgments — from the ABC trial through Operation Countryman to the recent drug comics trial — an expansion of the office's responsibilities to take over a national, centralised service will lead civil liberties groups to lobby for amendments. □

INSOLVENCY

British insolvency law mostly dates from the last century, and the government has been forced to legislate by the strength of the attack on the present ramshackle system made by Sir Kenneth Cork in his report, commissioned by the last Labour government but only published in 1982. The new Bill won't tackle the problem of company directors who go into liquidation and then effectively continue the business with another company, leaving customers and creditors in the lurch (it will still be up to the Official Receiver or the Department of Trade and Industry to apply to a court to have them disqualified — something which doesn't happen very often). But it will permit the appointment on the application of an 'interested party' of an 'administrator', with the powers of a receiver (usually appointed by banks), who will take over companies in trouble and run them as going concerns, rather than closing them down and selling off the bits to the highest bidder. This is a useful concession to the idea of businesses providing jobs as opposed to being simply a collection of assets. □

TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS

Floating the Trustee Savings Banks on the stock market isn't privatisation because the government/taxpayer doesn't own them in the first place. Technically, they aren't owned by anybody, but are administered by 'trustees'

GLC GRANT-AID FOR VOLUNTARY AND COMMUNITY ORGANISATIONS

The GLC invites applications for funding from voluntary and community groups serving London. The main Committees involved and the types of activity or group for which applications are invited are set out below:

Arts and Recreation
Arts organisations that attract a London-wide audience and cover a large catchment area. The Committee also funds leisure and recreation projects.
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985.

Community Arts Sub-Committee
Organisations participating in communication and distribution networks such as publishing projects, community bookshops, photo-collectives, independent film and video resources. Other art forms are funded if they serve a local community or a community of interest, such as women, the elderly, young people, people with disabilities, gay and lesbian groups.
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985.

Ethnic Arts Sub-Committee
Particular emphasis is given to support for Afro-Caribbean and Asian arts groups based in communities living in this country, with high priority for under-funded and under-represented art-forms, e.g. film, video, visual arts and literature and projects with a long-term arts programme and a broad community involvement.
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985.

Sports Sub-Committee
Groups whose aim is to encourage greater participation in sport throughout Greater London.
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985.

Ethnic Minorities
Groups responding to meeting special needs, London-wide initiatives and anti-racist projects.
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985.

Greater London Training Board
Groups concerned with high quality training schemes in London. In particular those which demonstrate a demand for the skills in question or represent pilot or innovatory projects.
No closing date for applications.

Housing
Housing groups (except groups dealing with single homeless and hostels, for which there is no closing date).
Closing date for applications 31 March 1985.

Public Services and Fire Brigade
Environmental and recycling and peace groups.
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985.

Police
Groups responsible for research into or the monitoring of police activities and campaigning for police accountability in London.
No closing date for applications.

Planning
(i) Groups dealing with planning issues.
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985 unless in exceptional circumstances.
(ii) Ecology Groups.
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985.
(iii) Community Groups in Dockland (revenue only this year).
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985.
(iv) Groups within designated Community Areas (revenue only this year).
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985.

Transport
Community transport schemes, transport for people with disabilities and pressure groups campaigning on local or London-wide issues.
Closing date for applications 1 September 1985.

Women's
Projects will particularly include refunding of on-going projects subject to satisfactory monitoring, projects providing resources for women's organisations in the voluntary sector, projects which fill gaps in existing provisions on a local or London-wide basis, projects which seek to redress the double discrimination faced by specific groups of women such as black and ethnic minority women, lesbians, the elderly, women with disabilities, the young and working class women within all these groups as well as other projects which are within the Committee's priorities.
Closing date for applications 31 January 1985 unless in exceptional circumstances.

N.B. The GLC does not normally fund organisations that are the proper concern of other statutory bodies e.g. the NHS, Borough Council Social Services Departments. Also the GLC through its grant giving committees does not generally support educational projects in London, that should be the responsibility of the ILEA, or in outer London, which should be the responsibility of the Borough Council's Education Committee. The Council's ability to pay grants or the full amount of grants may be curtailed by the Government legislation imposed under the "Paving Act" (Local Government (Interim Provisions)) Act 1984, rate capping (Rate Act 1984) etc.

To write for an application form and information brochure, which will give further guidance and contact points if you are not sure which Committee to apply to and includes details of the Council's criteria and procedures, apply to:—
The Director-General (DG/GCU)
Greater London Council
Room 507
The County Hall
London SE1 7PB

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(hence the name). These are self-selecting boards of local worthies, who hold the savings of their predominantly working-class customers 'on trust' — a trust which has been breached by the selling-off of what could have been a 'people's bank' to the capitalists. The Exchequer will gain nothing by the sale (the £900 million raised will be ploughed back into the TSB business), so the government's motive must be purely ideological. Part of the motive is the pure monetarist notion of 'sound money' which needs a 'free market' in money and financial services. But the government and most TSB managers (there are still a few of the 'old school' around like the Yorkshire TSB manager who supports the miners) have sold out on TSB customers — concentrated in the north of England and Scotland — mostly because of their hostility to the idea of workers' mutual self-help. □

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

New Statesman policy is still to describe the abolition of the GLC in the conditional ('*if* the GLC and met counties are abolished life won't be worth living'), but there's little doubt that some form of Abolition Bill will get through. But the Bill which will be published in a week's time will just be a propaganda exercise: the real thing will arrive in the form of late government amendments to the third reading in the House of Lords, creating a messy and fiercely contested Bill. The government is now under such pressure from London Tory MPs over the measure that a series of fall-back positions has been constructed to deal with the 'voice of London' and 'abolition of elections' objections which opinion pollsters have identified as the key ones. These range from 'grand committees' of MPs for London (and the met counties?) to a powerless elected body. The existing functions of the GLC and met counties will be given to borough or district councils or, where this is not feasible, to joint boards nominated by those councils. But what if a Tory rebel (e.g. Lord Alport) proposes an amendment to make the joint boards (to run the fire service etc.) directly elected rather than nominated? The shape of what eventually gets the royal signature will depend on horse-trading and the differential death rates of peers of differing politics. □

TELEPHONE TAPPING

There is no statute law on telephone tapping at the moment; the official declaration that phones can only be tapped after the police have sought a warrant is the result of an executive decision. However, last summer the European Court of Human Rights decided that the British government had invaded the privacy of James Malone by tapping his phone. The House of Lords also pushed through an amendment on phone tapping in the Telecommunications Bill last session. No Bill has yet been published but it is likely to satisfy only the minimum requirements of the European Court by making it a statutory duty for the police to seek a warrant to tap a phone, and thus an offence if they don't. It is expected that some part of independent scrutiny of the application to tap will be built into the system. But it is unlikely to cover any other form of surveillance by the State (e.g. bugging) and will allow the citizen no right to know of, or appeal against, a warrant to tap his or her phone. □

UNTYING THE UNION

For the first time, Tory employment law is being used to dig up the root of union strength in engineering — the plant committee. Walter Pond analyses the Austin Rover battle

THE LEGAL battle at Austin Rover over strike ballots has not only brought Britain's biggest union — the Transport and General — into its most important clash with the courts; it is also the most significant test yet of what promises to be one of the most used legal powers given to employers by the panopoly of new employment legislation. Although less sensational than the many working miners cases curently clogging up the courts, the Austin Rover battle is likely to have far more significant long term implications for British industrial relations.

The purpose of the govenment's Trade Union Act 1984 is quite simple — to make secret ballots before a strike more frequent in order to make strikes less frequent and militant union leaderships less authoritative. The means by which this is to be achieved are more complex. Under the Act a strike loses its immunity from civil action if it is authorised by a union without a ballot being held not more than four weeks before the strike date. The ballot paper has offer a simple yes or no answer and it has to make clear that a strike will involve the employee in a breach of his or her contract of employment. A union that authorises a strike without a ballot lays itself open to claims for damages from a company whose commercial contract has been broken as a result of the strike.

The court has no power to order a union to hold a ballot. But if a court grants an injunction instructing a union not to encourage its members to break their employment contracts until there has been a ballot and a union nevertheless continues to encourage its members to strike, the union may lay itself open to contempt fines.

It has been commonly but wrongly thought that the Act only applies to official strikes, meaning a strike where a union provides strike pay and the union executive gives the strike its formal backing. However, under the terms of the Act, a strike loses its immunity simply if it is 'authorised or endorsed' by a full-time official of the union or by a union committee to which a full-time official regularly reports.

In the case of Austin Rover the strike was called by the Joint Negotiating Committee on which 36 delegates sit from eight different unions. Decisions of the committee are made by majority vote. A key point, so far unresolved, is the extent to which individual unions on the JNC are bound by its decisions.

At two hearings, one before Mr Justice Stuart-Smith in Chambers and the other before the Master of the Rolls, Sir John Donaldson, in the Court of Appeal, Austin Rover argued that the decisions of the JNC did bind the individual unions which sit on the committee. Even though the nine delegates from the engineering union, the AUEW, were opposed to the strike call, they went along with the majority decision. Since AUEW full-time officials sit on the JNC, Austin Rover argued that the union itself had endorsed the strike call and made itself liable to civil action in the courts. As evidence for this view, the company pointed out that the AUEW national executive meeting after the JNC strike call had not dissociated itself from the call although Austin Rover managers had specifically asked all the unions if any of them wished to repudiate the JNC decision. None had done so.

The engineering union countered in court by arguing that it could not be bound by the JNC, even though its officials were present at its meetings. The JNC had no status in the union's rules which state that all strikes must receive national executive endorsement before becoming official

If this argument had been accepted by the courts, it would have represented a major loophole in the Act. Most strikes in Britain are called by multi-union committees. If a union could simply tell the court that the decision of a joint committee did not bind the individual unions on that committee, the Act becomes largely powerless. Mr Justice Stuart-Smith in Chambers indicated he was not impressed with this argument.

In essence, Austin Rover argued that the only way for a union on the JNC to extricate itself from liability is to either to hold its own secret ballot or to instruct its members to return to work. The electricians' union, the EETPU, decided to do both these things. The engineers have been more equivocal. In principle, the union favours mass meetings and is reluctant to order people back to work. But partly out of belief and partly as a device to protect the union's funds, the engineers were prepared to repudiate the strike and to recommend the 10.2 per cent pay offer. How far does a union have to go to satisfy the courts that it had repudiated the strike? The answer is a long way.

THE AUEW national executive repudiated the strike in the press and in an affidavit to the court. They repeatedly recommended the offer, instructed the officials that they were 'not in any circumstances to be party to any statement or action that purports that the union is in favour of the strike'. The officials were also ordered not to attend any picket lines or allow local district committees to discuss the strike. The repudiation of the strike by the union was also publicised by Austin Rover in its circulars to the workforce. But because many engineers have stubbornly stayed out on strike, in traditional loyalty to their own plant committee and colleagues, the company sought an injunction to force the union to order its members back to work. ▷

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The Appeal Court refused. It thought it did not have the right to order a union to order its members to return to work and Sir John Donaldson, ex-President of the National Industrial Relations Court, wished to revive his role as 'industrial conciliator'. Instead Sir John himself advised the engineers to get back to work he said 'the engineers oppose the strike. It considers the Company offer should be accepted. There can therefore be no reason why engineering union members should go on strike or remain on strike with all the sacrifices that are inevitably involved'. Sir John had no authority to proffer this advice. As he himself said the court's 'duty is to decide whether there should be an injunction'.

Contempt proceedings against the six unions that have not publicly repudiated the strike call of the JNC are expected to start on Monday. But the Act has already had an impact. It has destroyed the unity and authority of the JNC as a negotiating body. Secondly, the higher paid engineers who normally support the T&GWU in the car industry are no longer doing so. Third, the picket lines now hold less sway over the membership and the strike has shown some signs of crumbing around the edges. Fourth, no union, not even the T&GWU is paying strike pay or making any public statement explaining the reasons or justification for the strike. Only the voice of the company is heard.

The government will hope that the unions will learn this is a heavy price to pay for refusing to hold a secret ballot and that gradually the unions will reform their practices. □

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□A public relations firm employed by the memorial masons is pushing the idea that a personalised gravestone can be 'bereavement therapy'. Hopes are expressed that the revolution in taste and design that Habitat pioneered in furniture and kitchen equipment will spread to gravestones. — *Observer* (Mrs. M. Lintott)

□A striking miner who is joint secretary of the Rhondda Rose Society, and twice British rose-growing champion, has developed a miniature rose which he hopes to name after Mr Arthur Scargill. He says the rose is red and strong with a gentle scent — *Guardian* (D. Walsh)

'And ever more came out of that same door wherein I went' . . .

This was the plaint of a man who could not escape the common round of conventional answers to his questions. Perhaps he was stuck in beliefs — maybe even sacred ones — but he was stuck.

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God bless American 'junk'

Mandy Merck

BRITISH and American television occupy precisely opposite positions in the imaginations of both countries. While US networks import UK drama and documentaries for cultural prestige, the British buy *Dallas* and *The A-Team* for competitive ratings. The former are invariably seen as 'quality' programmes, the latter as 'popular'. In fact, the term 'popular' is one of the most positive used in this country about US television: 'mindless', 'glossy', 'shallow', 'junk', 'inane', 'pap', 'bilge', 'bland, brainless and boring' are examples recently culled from the British press by researcher Geoffrey Lealand.

Lealand is neither a media free marketeer nor an optimist about the prospects for commercial cable here, yet on his arrival in Britain in 1983 he was fascinated to hear

> the dismissive catchphrase 'wall-to-wall Dallas' as call to arms to defend established television systems against the threat of an impending cable invasion. I was also puzzled why so many American imports — conspicuously a valid and valuable contribution to the entertainment mix of both the BBC and ITV — were treated with scorn and derision by the mass of critics and some members of the broadcasting establishment.

I suspect that it was these questions, rather than their audience-survey answers, that lost Lealand's subsequent study, *American Television Programmes on British Screens**, the imprimatur of the body which commissioned it, the Broadcasting Research Unit. Their sponsors include the IBA (who maintain an 86 per cent quota of British-made programmes) and the BBC (in whose Reithian corridors the epithet 'wall to-wall *Dallas*' was reputedly coined, even as the Corporation renewed the Southfork saga for the sixth successive year).

Lealand's own audience survey (a small sampling of Londoners of both sexes over the age of 16) contains no startling revelations. 26.5 per cent of the respondents liked current US programmes and 15.6 per cent didn't, with stronger feelings divided fairly evenly in both directions and no vast differences between the sexes. A large percentage thought that too many US programmes were screened in Britain but an even larger number did not. More illuminating are the author's analyses of respondents' comments on particular shows in conjunction with recent British ratings.

The American programmes which succeed with British audiences do so because, among other achievements, they innovate within generic and narrative formulas. Two years ago, Jeremy Isaacs swore that Channel 4 would never screen a cop show. Now the US *Hill Street Blues* is a Saturday night regular on the Channel — presumably because its realist settings, hand-held camera style, overlapping dialogue, complicated sub-plots, strong character acting, and engagement with social issues are rare in crime series (but well within the art cinema aesthetic generally favoured by the Channel).

As for *Dallas*, I spent last winter's Tuesdays watching it just before *Jewel in the Crown*. They were a perfect fit, since *Jewel* was no more about India than *Dallas* is about the oil business. (Thus the justified accusations of racism against the Granada production.) Both the highly-praised UK literary adaptation and the despised US soap are melodramas, sagas of intense domestic conflict with a particular interest in the women characters. (Such programmes are often read as a critique of the family — and I gather that churchmen in the Irish Republic regard *Dallas* as dangerous.) Furthermore, both programmes were serials, delaying narrative resolution, inciting curiosity, allowing scope for imagined future episodes and time to discuss those that had gone before.

The pleasure offered to female audiences by melodramas (marketed as 'women's pictures' in Hollywood) and their serialised variants (originally called 'soaps' after their daytime detergent sponsors) is as crucial to the success of British television like *Coronation Street* as it is to *Dallas* or *Dynasty*. (Even the 'quality' *Hill Street Blues* contains elements of both melodrama and serialisation, including the compelling lack of closure often derided as a cheap device of mass culture.) Yet this is rarely acknowledged in the British = regulated = good, US = commercial = bad equations circulating in left cultural politics.

Recently, no less a scholar of American cinema than Colin MacCabe argued that 'quality' sit-coms like *Minder* or *Porridge* could not be made outside the 'careful allocation of resources' administered by regulated British television. This proposition seems as questionable as my American relatives' constant enthusiasm for every piece of RADA-accented antiquity shown on *Masterpiece Theatre* — a British anthology programme whose chef d'oeuvres include *Winston Churchill: The Wilderness Years* and *Poldark*. It if were true, nothing of value would ever emerge from commercial centres like Hollywood (the source, incidentally, of the eccentric detective series which inspired *Minder* — *The Rockford Files*).

The arguments for a democractially controlled, non-profit-oriented broadcasting system are many. (Not that this country enjoys any such thing . . .) But they do not include the bland certainty that everything produced by commercial interests is crap. US cultural dominance is a complicated phenomenon Our understanding of it will not be enhanced by a mindless contempt for all its products. □

**available from the British Film Institute, £2.50.*

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DIARY

Michael Leapman

I hope an academic somewhere is researching a thesis on the vocabulary of the miners' strike. It's a case study in the manipulative use of language. Take last week's 'drift back to work'. The word 'drift' implies that the miners are sauntering casually back to the pits in a fit of near abstraction. The truth is very different. It must take a tremendous amount of painful soul-searching before so momentous a decision is made. Then this week the *Sunday Times* decided the time was ripe to translate the drift into a 'surge', although that too was misconceived because a surge, by its nature, ends as quickly as it begins. The *NS* showed a concern for accuracy when it wrote in last week's leader of a 'trickle' — a trickle that might or might not build into a flood. But that was never going to catch on. A trickle wouldn't to for the rampant Fleet Street headline writers: small beer, by no means the stuff of jubilant jet-black lettering. Drifts and surges carry no such miniaturist overtones. By such subtleties, for the most part instinctive rather than consciously plotted, do the media slant stories and create attitudes.

○

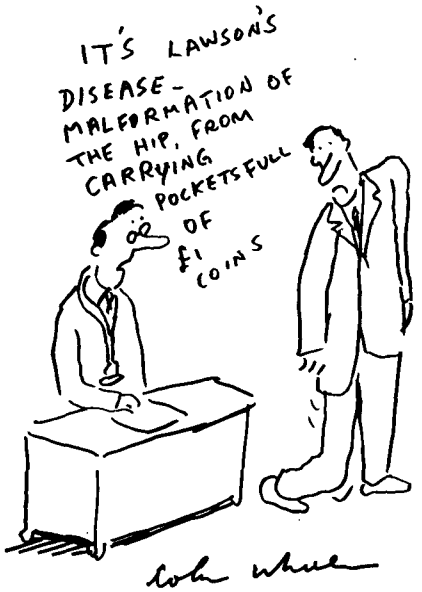
Talking of language, I've just been correcting the proofs of the forthcoming American edition of *Barefaced Cheek*, my book about Rupert Murdoch. I lived in the States for seven years and think myself a dab hand at leaving the 'u' out of colour and reversing the last two letters of theatre; yet the American editors still managed to find me out. I had no idea, for instance, that the American for being at a loose end is being at 'loose ends', plurally: they always were an extravagant nation. Or that 'state of play' is a cricketing expression and the nearest American equivalent is 'field position', deriving from their brand of football. I was discussing this with a publisher friend, who told me that he once wrote to an American promising he would send a manuscript in a fortnight. He received a swift and bewildered reply: 'What's a fortnight?' Obviously the baffled man thought it was some new kind of Jiffy Bag (although the word is included in the Oxford American Dictionary). My wife likes to tell how when she first went to New York she was puzzled by the message on bus stops: No Standing. There were no seats, so what should she do? After a while she realised it applied to vehicular traffic and meant No Waiting. One of the most revealing of Transatlantic linguistic differences lies in foot and mouth disease: it's *hoof* and mouth in American, a neat illustration of the British tendency to anthropomorphism.

○

Animals, yes. Taking advantage of the fine autumn weather to go rambling in Kent, we came across a lady taking a tiny Yorkshire terrier for a walk. The beast was about to defecate in the middle of the North Downs Way when his imperious owner swept him up and held her hand intrepidly over his bottom until we'd passed. The dog clearly blamed us for the indignity because, after he was eventually allowed to finish what he'd started, he chased us for a good half mile, barking menacingly. I now believe he was a member of Pro-Dog, a highly motivated group I came across while researching an article on dog shit for a glossy magazine. (Being a freelance opens whole new vistas.) I hadn't realised that this is as inflammatory a topic as smoking or vivisection. There is an anti-mess group called the League for the Introduction of Canine Control, acronym LICC. Pro-Dog don't actually support dogs fouling pavements, but they do most fervently oppose LICC — nicknaming it 'lice'. You wouldn't believe the passion with which the superficially genteel leaders of each group denounce their opponents. My postman growled under the weight of the tendentious material sent to me by both sides. Why do the British get so emotional about animals? When I finished the article, I felt I'd been treading in some pretty unsavoury areas. My humour was only restored when I learned that one of the local authorities the Home Office has invited to take part in an anti-dog shit experiment next year is the London Borough of Barking.

○

Should socialists switch their savings into British Telecom? A tricky dilemma that I've not seen confronted in the acres of newsprint devoted to the forthcoming share bonanza. If you want to be pedantic you can argue that Clause Four advocates the common ownership only of the means of production, distribution and exchange, with means of communication pointedly omitted. But that's no help in



resolving the moral question. Purists will insist that you shouldn't encourage the privatisers (privateers?) by joining in. The opposing view is that it would be surprising, given the massive advertising campaign, the easy payments and the special offer giveaways, if the issue were not over-subscribed. The opinion poll in this week's *Observer* confirmed as much. So shouldn't we ensure that as much as possible of the company remains in benign and progressive hands by grabbing what we can afford, then making trouble at annual meetings? From a purely financial viewpoint, the cut-price phone bills and free share offers are obvious incentives, but many commentators feel that the shares are likely to fall in value in the short term, since the concessions are available only to founder investors. As the agony aunts always say, you must do as you think best, but there's one final point about all that press and poster and TV advertising. The Tories complain like crazy that the Greater London Council is spending ratepayers' money on 'political' propaganda about the capital's future. But who's footing the bill for the campaign aimed at ensuring that the British Telecom denationalisation strategy works? Don't ask.

○

The mild autumn has had a wonderful effect on my South London allotment, where I have been picking runner beans in November, still as tender and tasty as in August. And the winter lettuces, though not supposed to heart up until spring, are fit to eat already. Now it's seed catalogue time and I'm hoping for a few cold days so that I can browse through them in front of the fire in the traditional manner. I've already decided to make a radical political statement on the plot next year by sowing red Brussels sprouts. I'd heard rumours of them for ages, but have only recently tracked down the seed in the catalogue of Chiltern Seeds of Ulverston, Cumbria. They're sure to be greeted with contempt by my neighbours, who, I suspect, already despise my artichokes (both globe and Jerusalem) as irredeemably middle-class, despite the fact that they are themselves all heavily into courgettes. I shall whistle at them defiantly: 'We'll keep the red sprouts growing here.' Who dares wins.

ROGER WODDIS

After the Lord Mayor's Show

In her speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet Mrs Thatcher said the police and courts may be given greater powers to control public order and combat terrorism.

She made a case (well, wouldn't *you*?)
for beefing up the boys in blue.
You'd think she'd be easy to frighten,
after what nearly happened in Brighton;
but no, what chiefly matters is mastering
this terrorism thing.

Something has to be done
To beat the amateur bomb, the unlicenced gun.
Law and order must prevail:
play the game or 'Go to jail'.
As Auden said, tongue in cheek, no doubt,
it's no use raising a shout.
There is nothing to discuss:
'Leave Truth to the police and us.'

There's terror and terror, mind.
We approve of the other kind,
when carried out against sovereign states
by the United Crates,
and the terror of your wasting will,
the vanished job, the unpaid bill.

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PEACE ON TRIAL — ROUND 2

In a new round of trials, due to begin next week, the Turkish 'democratic' government is seeking to silence its intellectual critics, reports Kevin Watkins

ON 27 SEPTEMBER Turkish martial law authorities issued fresh charges against 48 lawyers, trade unionists, academics and others who are founding members of Turkish Peace Association (TPA). On 19 November they will be brought before an Istanbul Martial Law Court accused, under Articles 141 and 142 of the Turkish Penal Code, of seeking to undermine the integrity of the Turkish state and facilitate 'the domination of a social class over other social classes.'

These charges are considered very serious, yet they are being brought seven years after the founding of the TPA and four years after the military coup. Last November, on the basis of precisely the same evidence to be brought forward in this trial, 23 members of the Association's executive were sentenced to periods of prison and internal exile of between five and 10 years.

Among them were its President, Mahmut Dikerdem, a former Ambassador, and Orhan Apaydin, an MP and past President of the Istanbul Bar Association. Together with four others from the TPA, Dikerdem and Apaydin were suddenly released last week on the Turkish equivalent of bail. It appears that their release was the result of international pressure.

Up until the coup of September 1980 the TPA, which was formed under the aegis of the Istanbul Bar Association in 1977, functioned as a legal body. During the three years of its existence the Association supported calls for international peace and nuclear disarmament. When the generals banned the TPA after the coup, they were clearly intent upon silencing the most effective source of internal opposition to their militarist aspirations. Turkey's geopolitical situation (the 'value' of which had been greatly enhanced by the Iranian revolution and the closure of US bases there) has been traded off in return for an increase in US military aid from $400m to $900m annually.

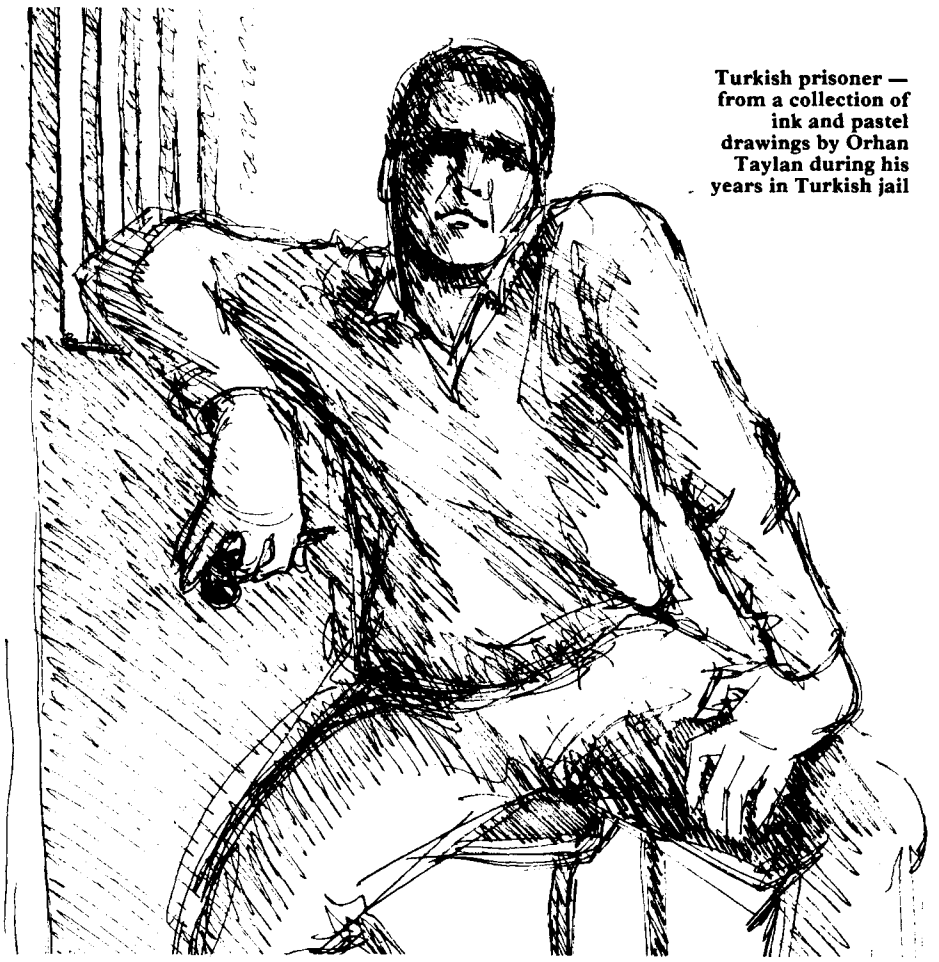
A series of bilateral agreements to upgrade Turkey's weapons industry have also been concluded, involving the largest single investment in Turkish industrial history — a $4.2bn project to produce F-16 fighter-jets under licence from General Dynamics. At the same time, under the terms of the Defence Co-operation Agreement of 1980, US intelligence gathering and naval facilities have been expanded and provisions made for hosting the Rapid Deployment Force. One 'spin-off' effect of this accommodation of regional interests has been the Reagan Administration's silent acquiesence in the continuing Turkish occupation of northern Cyprus.

THE SCALE and timing of this latest assault upon the TPA is intended to serve a far wider purpose than the further devastation of the Turkish peace movement. In effect, the defendants in the new peace trial (Peace II as it has been dubbed) come from a cross-section of those groups and organisations who have emerged since the 'election' of last November as the most credible critics of the Evren regime. Among the newly indicted members of the TPA are 10 lawyers of the Istanbul Bar Association — the country's leading civil rights lawyers. Several of them, including Gulchin Cayligil and Turgut Kazan, are acting as defence counsels in the appeal against the sentences imposed on the TPA executive last November. In the interim, they have all been disbarred, which stops the TPA's appeal and further deprives political prisoners of their rights to a fair hearing.

That 'election', which resulted in victory for Turgut Ozal's Motherland Party, was intended to institutionalise the authoritarian political order implicit in the 1982 Constitution and present it in the guise of a 'transition to democracy.' Such an exercise was considered essential to improving Turkey's access to international credit agencies and bilateral aid.

Under the terms of the 1982 Constitution the military high command bestowed upon a Presidency answerable solely to itself sweeping powers over the Supreme Courts, universities and national broadcasting networks. Independent trade union activity was banned, rights of political association and expression severely restricted and the legislature effectively subordinated to a junta entrenched in the Council of National Security. Dozens of journalists were arrested for expressing criticism of the new constitution, universities purged and members of the banned neo-fascist National Action Party restored to key positions.

Last May Turkey's intellectuals confronted head-on the claim — so assiduously cultivated by the media and the Anglo-Turkish Parliamentary Group in Britain — that civilian democracy was restored by the November election. First of all, 63 eminent lawyers of the Istanbul Bar Association issued a public statement declaring that the intimidation of lawyers, torture and other human rights violations existed on such a scale that all claims of 'Turkey being a state governed by the rule of law [may] be discounted.' Shortly afterwards, 1,256 cultural and political figures signed a petition to President Evren presenting him



Turkish prisoner — from a collection of ink and pastel drawings by Orhan Taylan during his years in Turkish jail

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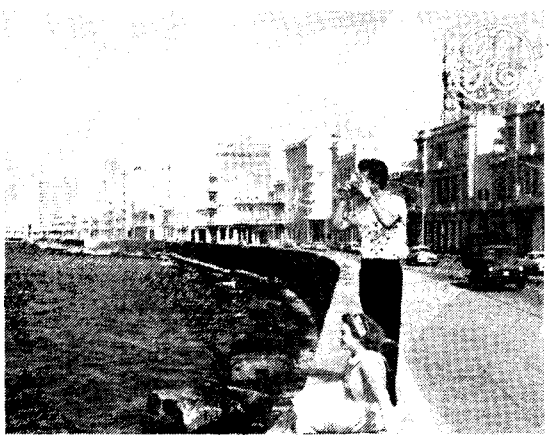

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with the most outspoken indictment of his regime since the coup.

After supporting the accusations made in the Bar Association's statement, the signatories demanded the restoration of independent trade union rights, an end to press censorship, a lifting of the ban on political parties and autonomy for the Supreme Courts and universities. In a thinly disguised comment on the November election, they concluded that: 'Alienating democracy from its inherent values and institutions [preserving] it in form while emptying it of its contents, is as dangerous as destroying it.' President Evren labelled the signatories en masse as 'traitors' and a Martial Law Court in Ankara initiated proceedings against 56 of them.

THE GENERALS have taken the challenge from the intelligentsia very seriously, not least because it coincides with a resurgence of working-class opposition to the IMF austerity programme administered by the government of Turgut Ozal. By appealing directly to the European Convention on Human Rights, both of last May's petitions threatened to undermine the efforts of the regime to consolidate the diplomatic successes which followed the 'election'.

Other defendants in the new peace trial facing charges in the 'intellectuals petition trial' are the novelist Vedat Turkali, the literary critic Asim Bezirici and Dr Ataman Tangor, one of the country's 1,200 purged academics. There is a remarkable overlap between Peace II and the trials of the executive committees of the Turkish Writers Union, which was banned in 1982, and the left-wing DISK trade union federation. Three members of DISK, which was the country's second largest federation before the coup, have been charged in connection with the new peace trial. They have already been imprisoned for long periods and severely and repeatedly tortured and continue to face charges carrying a mandatory death penalty for their trade union work. The former President of the Turkish Writers Union, the renowned humorist Aziz Nesin, faces charges in the latest trial and under Article 141 of the Penal Code for organising a commemorative meeting to celebrate the socialist poet Nazim Hikmet. He is also among the 56 defendants in the petition trial.

Shortly before charges were brought against the signatories to the intellectuals' petition, Turkey — principally due to the good offices of European conservative parties — was re-admitted to the Parliamentary Assembly of the Council of Europe. Currently the EEC Commission, which has evidently been greatly impressed by Turkey's 'progress towards democracy', is considering recommending to member states that aid dispensations (which have been blocked since the coup) be re-started. This despite the fact that there are upwards of 30,000 political prisoners in Turkish jails, and that reports of torture continue unabated. There is a current of thought in Europe which considers the human rights of Turkish citizens a small price to pay for 'strong and stable government' on NATO's south-eastern flank. Yet if Turkey is allowed to violate the Convention on Human Rights with impunity the Convention itself is thereby weakened and a threat posed to the freedom of all Europeans. □

SOUTH AFRICA

FREE UNIONS SHAKE PRETORIA

David Ward charts the rise of organised black labour

IN RESPONSE to the 48 hour general strike by black workers in Johannesburg last week the South African government has launched a major crackdown on the independent trade union movement and the multi-racial United Democratic Front. More than 20 people have died in rioting and clashes with police in townships during the 'stayaway' protest, which was organised mainly against rises in rents and bus fares.

Singled out by the police has been the most important of the newly emerging independent unions, the Federation of South African Trade Unions (FOSATU). Its president Chris Dlamini, a senior shop steward working for Kelloggs, has been detained and its offices raided. The action against the union marks a significant escalation of State repression against the union movement and highlights the potential of organised black workers to challenge the apartheid system at its roots.

In the last few years a wave of strike action has shaken the Pretoria government and thrown the country's traditional industrial relations system into turmoil. A young, powerful and independent union movement is emerging in the Republic and is organising black workers in a struggle not merely for trade union rights, but against the racist principles which are the foundations of South Africa's divided society.

In spite of the predictable government hostility, the independent unions have achieved notable victories and are gaining in both strength and confidence. They have forced major multinational companies, like Ford and Volkswagen, to recognise their negotiating rights and their shop stewards. They have won substantial wage increases and defeated government legislation. They have generated major splits in the ruling Nationalist Party and continue to mount an unprecedented level of industrial action in defence of their rights. (In the three years up to 1984 there has been on average a strike a day in South Africa.)

Since the last 1970s, some 250,000 black workers have joined the independent movement organised in a number of large unaffiliated unions and two national federations — FOSATU and the Council of South African Unions (CUSA). FOSATU, with the better organisation, is committed to a non-racial policy and has a predominantly black membership of over 100,000 — organised particularly in the heavy industrial sector. The Federation's affiliates have obtained, or are negotiating, over 285 company recognition agreements and are represented in some 490 factories. CUSA on the other hand, subscribes to 'the black consciousness' philosophy which encourages a positive effort to build an exclusively black leadership. The Council consists of ten unions with a membership of 148,000, based mainly in the Transvaal. Unlike

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Strikes by black workers 1973-1983

Year	No. of Disputes	Black Workers on Strike
1973	370	98,029
1974	384	58,975
1975	276	23,295
1976	248	26,931
1977	90	15,091
1978	106	14,088
1979	101	17,323
1980	207	56,286
1981	342	84,705
1982	394	141,517
1983	336	64,469

FOSATU's more disciplined structure, CUSA is a loose federation which seeks only to coordinate affiliates on certain principal issues. Most important of CUSA's affiliates is the National Union of Mineworkers (NUM), led by Secretary-General Cyril Ramaphosa. The union was created in 1982, but has already gained a membership of 70,000 and has been engaged this autumn in a major dispute over wage levels with the Chamber of Mines.

The growth of the independent unions is most clearly reflected in the industrial unrest that has hit South Africa. Since 1979 the number of official disputes has trebled — totalling 394 in 1982 and 336 in 1983. As a consequence, the independent union movement has seriously undermined the credibility of the so-called 'multi-racial' unions of the government supported Trades Union Council of South Africa (TUCSA).

In the 1970s, TUCSA unions began to organise black workers, but in 'parallel' unions which divide the black membership from the white parent unions that finance and control them. TUCSA's non-white membership is predominantly coloured or Asian rather than black and there is concern even from the union's own membership that the government regards TUCSA affiliates as 'sweetheart unions'. In recent years TUCSA has suffered a serious loss of membership and disaffiliation. Last year, for example, the South African Boilermakers Society withdrew from the union soon after the union's bitterly disputed annual conference. The 54,000 strong mixed-race union led by Ike Van der Watt argues that TUCSA has lost credibility and 'is unable to satisfy the needs of a large number of workers now able to join the union movement'.

Trade Union Federations in South Africa

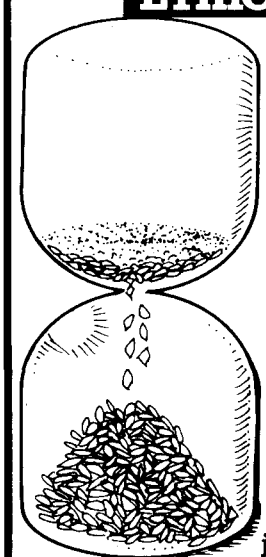
Independent black and non-racial	
Federation of South African Unions (FOSATU)	106,000
Council of Unions of South Africa (CUSA)	148,000
Multi-racial	
Trade Union Confederation of South Africa (TUCSA)	446,000
Whites only	
South African Confederation of Labour (SACOL)	126,000
Unaffiliated unions (various racial composition)	550,000

Source: ILO Report on South Africa 1984

THE EMERGENCE of an authentic workers' movement in South Africa provides new opportunities for solidarity action taken by sympathetic workers in other countries. For example, last year the powerful Italian metal-workers union, the 800,000-strong Federazione Lavoratori Metalmeccanici (FLM), played a decisive role in successfully helping black car workers when their union, the National Automobile and Allied Workers Union (NAAWU), was in dispute with the South African subsidiary of Alfa Romeo.

The South African management was strongly resisting union recognition. NAAWU contacted the FLM in Italy and a NAAWU official flew to Rome for a meeting between the Alfa Romeo management, the FLM and the Geneva-based International Metalworkers Federation to which both unions belong. As a result of this meeting the union was recognised at two of the Alfa Romeo plants in South Africa and was given facilities and access to the third for organising purposes. The 1984 report by the International Labour Organisation hailed this example of solidarity as a 'unique agreement . . . the first to be achieved outside the country. It occurred in Rome and illustrated the effectiveness of international support. The significance of this development lies in the speed and unanimity with which the trade union groups involved were able to act in support of the South African union.' ▷

ETHIOPIA/ERITREA



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As the independent unions grow and challenge the apartheid regime's denial of their democratic rights they will increasingly confront Pretoria's apparatus of white supremacy. The battle they are engaged in, as Joe Foster, General Secretary of FOSATU, comments, 'is part of the wider struggle'. In South Africa, as elsewhere, an independent and democratic trade union movement and a repressive state are fundamentally incompatible. □

For the background to the emerging black trade union movement in South Africa see Power; Black workers, their unions and the struggle for freedom in South Africa *by Denis MacShane, Martin Plaut, David Ward. Spokesman Books, October 1984, price £4.85.*

INDIA

THE OTHER SIDE OF MRS GANDHI

Amrit Wilson on how Indians have been turned on each other

THE VIOLENCE in the wake of Mrs Gandhi's assassination has been attributed to vengeance for a beloved leader. It is part of the image that Indira Gandhi managed to create — that she lived, and died, for secularism, for an Indian state where no religious group dominated another. But the events following her death in fact reveal that in the last few years she has been pursuing ruthlessly communalist policies — exploiting the difference between Hindus and other religious communities, to the advantage of the Hindus.

Anti-Muslim and anti-Sikh sentiments have swept the country for many months. They have grown not out of religious fervour but as a result of deliberate state intervention and propaganda. In April, for example, the Congress (I) (I stands for Indira) government in Maharashtra state had connived at the anti-Muslim riots led by a Hindu fascist group called the Shiv Sena. Mrs Gandhi's comment about those events were remembered and repeated by many — 'The majority community also has feelings which must be respected.' Hindus were being encouraged to feel 'rather swamped' by other groups.

There was paranoia about the Muslim birthrate and self righteous fury and violence over Hindu-Muslim marriages was becoming increasingly common. More significantly, such violence was being permitted by the state. As for anti-Sikh feeling, the words 'Sikh' and 'terrorist' became almost synonymous in the government controlled media and in the speeches of politicians. The storming of the Golden Temple at Amritsar was reported by most national papers and radio and television in a shamelessly biased fashion. Even in September, travelling by train was not safe for Sikhs in many states of India. They could be dragged out of compartments, not by Hindu crowds but by Indian army soldiers, insulted, interrogated and sometimes beaten up.

It was not until September — four months after the storming of the Golden Temple — that detailed events started coming to light in the more progressive journals and newspapers. On 4 June, a day of pilgrimage for Sikhs when thousands had gathered at the Golden Temple, army tanks moved in to the Temple complex, smashing into the inner sanctum and shooting everyone in sight. Sikh separators barricaded themselves in one part of the temple and a gun battle ensued; meanwhile, in another part over a thousand pilgrims including children and old people quite unconnected with the separatists, were locked into a courtyard and attacked with grenades and machine guns. Those left alive were then prevented from leaving the building, many wounded were left to bleed to death and when they begged for water Army *Jawans* told them to drink the mixture of blood and urine on the floor. Eventually the wounded were taken to hospital but the uninjured were kept in detention and some 3,000 dead, including many who were only unconscious, were piled high in trucks and removed. Four months later no list of casualties or missing persons had yet been issued.

Then came the army occupation of Punjab with frequent humiliations, arrests and killings of Sikhs by soldiers. It caused a feeling voiced by many ordinary people who had never before been separatists that India was a Hindu state with a Hindu government and the Sikhs could not be safe there.

AND YET UNTIL this year Hindus and Sikhs have always lived in communal harmony, indeed they had intermarried and in some Punjabi Hindu families the eldest son had traditionally become a Sikh. The recent violence against Sikhs was a logical result of Mrs Gandhi's strategy of control of the electorate. Her strategy was to manipulate genuine clashes of class interest (among rich farmers, traders, middle and poor peasants, landless labourers and industrial workers) and turn them into caste or communal issues. In this way she tried to prevent the emergence of class-based parties or alliances which might threaten Congress (I) and the interests of the national ruling class — the large industrialists, large landowners and state capitalists.

In Punjab the 'green revolution' with its high yield crops and its new system of rural credit broke the hold of the money lenders and brought a new class of rich and middle farmers to dominance. The Akali party emerged to represent them, and though led by Sikh rich farmers it originally also had the support of their Hindu counterparts. In 1962 the Akalis began to agitate for a separate Punjabi-speaking state within the Indian union — a reasonable demand since most large linguistic groups had their own state.

The Congress party, threatened by the increasing popularity of the Akalis, then made its first communalist moves — they denigrated the Punjabi language and encouraged Punjabi-speaking Hindus to register as Hindi-speaking. This ensured that the new Punjab would be smaller, and more importantly it turned the secular demand for a Punjabi speaking state into a communalist demand for a Sikh state. In 1967 after the new state was formed (with a 55 per cent Sikh majority) the Akalis were able to form a state government with the support of other smaller parties. Congress (I), whose main base in Punjab was among Hindu traders and some landless labourers, began to encourage splits in the Akali party.

IN 1978 Mrs Gandhi began to nurture an extreme communalist group (which eventually was to demand Khalistan). The development of this group was made easier by the fact that by the late 70s Mrs Gandhi had all but crushed Punjab's traditionally strong and active left groups and democratic movement. At the same time Punjab — with a comparatively high per capita income — remains an area of intense inequalities. There seemed by the early 80s nowhere for the disaffected radical youth to go except into Sikh nationalism. Encouraging them was the myth, which many Sikhs themselves are only too eager to believe, that the Sikhs are a macho 'martial race'. This myth was created largely by British colonialists who desperately needed Sikh soldiers. By incorporating Sikh practices into regimental procedures they made it look as though serving in the army was almost a part of Sikhism.

In hindsight it appears that from 1978 onwards Jarnail Singh Bhindranwale, an unknown and not particularly charismatic preacher from a middle peasant background, had been deliberately groomed by the Congress (I) for the task of splitting the Akali party and leading the Sikh people down a political deadend. His demand was of course for a separate Sikh state, Khalistan; his method was simple — the murder of Hindus and his Sikh opponents. His finances came largely from expatriate Sikhs in Britain and the US, and his alliances with the US-supported Afghan Mujahadin suggest the identity of his most important supporter.

Between January and June this year the Khalistanis killed a reported 298 people and injured 525 in Punjab. The state administration was paralysed and the Hindus began to look to the central government for protection. The opposition parties urged Mrs Gandhi to take action against Bhindranwale but she did nothing. In December Bhindranwale had moved into the Golden Temple, started collecting arms and turning it into a fortress. Mrs Gandhi, who had been told the details of Bhindranwale's armoury by the state home ministry, still took no action, hoping perhaps to maximise the Hindu credit she would gain when she would finally crush Bhindranwale. When she finally ordered the army in there can be no doubt that she enormously enhanced her electoral prospects. The riots have in turn benefited her son Rajiv electorally. But though they are now subsiding, many believe that the Punjab crisis is far from over. □

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LETTERS

Not so alive left

Mary Trevelyan, London E8

Your Miscellany columnist (*NS* 9 November) should pass on a warning to those who attended *Marxism Today*'s 'Left Alive'. If 'enlightment' was a 'persuasive self-definition' for them, they should note the use of this religious term in South Africa, where it demarcates the Verligtike, the outer edge of Apartheid.

My experience of 'Left Alive' was also enlightening. An impressive feat — 200 hours of debate etc — marred by an awful lot of apolitical dreaming. Those dismissed as 'fundamentalists' do have the virtue of acknowledging the existence of class struggle, which in the midst of the miners' battle and the onslaught on local democracy strikes a chord.

I was left with the impression that the particular brave new world so many of the 'enlightened' appeared to be longing for was rather close to the consensual politics of yesteryear, buried by Britain's crisis and Thatcher's policies. In 'fundamentalist' jargon it's known as class compromise, as employed by Wilson and Callaghan to bring us to where we now are. Nothing brave in that.

Lawson's inflation

Janet Blackman, Humberside

Gavyn Davies (*NS* 26 October) has begun a very useful analysis of Lawson's economics and this government's policies on the re-distribution of wealth and income away from the wage-earner via rising unemployment and downward pressure on wage-rates. Could he be persuaded to take this further in your columns?

Presumably if there were to be a successful policy of reflation the result would be a large increase in our imports of consumer goods and manufactured products, unless of course there is government planning and policy implementation to ensure that reflation takes place via capital investment programmes in this country. But doesn't that require the kind of government intervention that Thatcher and Lawson oppose on ideological grounds? Reflation therefore is not an option open to Lawson, hence the poverty of his policies and the dangerous path on which he has positioned the British economy.

The most telling sentence in Gavyn Davies's arrticle has to be that 'even in the latest year, when total employment has risen, not a single extra full-time job has been created.' Other forecasts last week from various economists predict a further drop of 30,000 jobs in the heavy manufacturing sector, indicating a further erosion of our manufacturing base.

The next stage in Davies's argument, if he can be persuaded to take it, is to seek alternative answers to this miserable catalogue of supposedly intellectual endeavour. Instead of seeking to find a relationship between labour costs (are these ever related to levels of investment and technology?) and jobs, why not seek ideas and inspiration on how other economies cope with inflation which presumably is nothing other than an indication of what is happening to the distribution of resources including income, i.e. a dynamic situation? Inflation can be positively used but in a planned context. Why not start from that end of the spectrum?

Liberals in the lap

Cllr Gordon Prentice, Leader of Hammersmith and Fulham Labour Opposition Group

Cllr John Tilley (Letters 9 November) unfairly berates Tony Travers for describing Hammersmith and Fulham Council as a Tory/Liberal coalition.

One of our two Liberals is Deputy Mayor. The other chairs the Finance and General Purposes Committee and is a member of the key policy committee which directs the Council's overall strategy. The Tories have re-written the Standing Orders to exclude Labour councillors from membership.

The London Region of the Liberal Party went on record to criticise Tilley and his colleagues for their support for 'massive cuts in social services' in a press release in December 1982. The release said that Hammersmith's two Liberal councillors hold the balance of power and vote with the Conservatives. In every sense of the word, the Council is run by a Tory/Liberal coalition.

The Labour Party's model standing orders stipulate that 'members of Labour Groups, while in opposition, shall not accept chairs or vice chairs of Council Committees or Sub Committees.' For us, the question of coalition does not arise.

Failure of 'free market'

James Ogilvy-Webb, chair of Public Enterprise Group

Peter Kellner's suggestions (*NS* 2 November) that markets are defective because externalities may be the rule rather than the exception will be welcomed by the environmental movement. The markets are actually encouraged in this country to destroy public transport, whereas almost everywhere else in Western Europe they are regulated both by administrative and financial intervention so as to produce an efficient and acceptable infrastructure. Public Transport is the great example of Kellner's 'externalities'. Moreover the so-called market is distorted by some £1,400m. in tax concessions for company cars.

Markets in this country have such a short-term view that private industry does not even train its workforce. This is left to be organised and paid for by the government, through the Manpower Services Commission.

The free operation of markets in Britain has allowed us to become almost the poorest country in Europe. This deplorable performance contrasts with that of the nationalised industries. British Airways, British Gas, British Telecom (and its predecessors) and Electricity all have a more impressive record both in output and labour productivity than manufacturing industry generally. They are also good at training their personnel. The 'market' sector has failed to compete in the world.

Nationalised shipbuilding and steel were rescue operations, like BL and Rolls Royce. They will need time and public money to recover. The NCB is suffering from the market's habit of throwing up businessmen with exaggerated reputations. ▷

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WEA still alive and educating

Robert Lochrie, General Secretary, WEA

Pleasing as it was to read 'One Sweet Summer' by Philip Marcus Bober (*NS* 2 November), it was puzzling to see in your introduction a reference to 'the then-voluntary institutes of workers education'. Since the article refers only to the WEA, some of your readers may have imagined that the association has now changed its character. On the contrary, we still have over 900 branches and around 175,000 students. We are actively engaged in developing adult education, especially in key areas such as work with the unemployed, women, and ethnic minorities and are committed to the promotion of social and political education. Unfortunately, much of this is under threat from the government, who are reducing the grant to our Districts over the next three years. If this is allowed to happen, it will progressively diminish the already too limited opportunities for people such as Philip Marcus Bober to develop their potential for creativity and understanding.

Aid when it counts

John Saunders, West Sussex

David Munro (*NS* 26 October) seems as set as John Pilger on harking back to old political battles. William Shawcross's *The Quality of Mercy* shows that all politically motivated approaches to the Cambodian relief operation had to be treated with the greatest scepticism. And it shows how many governments, and other interests, tried to use the programme to cover either the poverty or the relentlessness of their politics. Those of us who made practical efforts to help suffering Cambodians were not concerned with what, if any, political views they held, or under whose political control they happened to be.

Shawcross demonstrates the frequent inadequacy of the media, while forthrightly offering his own mea culpa. Both Munro and Pilger are silent on the Shawcross criticisms of their 1979 film, and their laying of blame on Western governments, ICRC and UNICEF, for aid delays. The book shows why this is a misunderstanding, and how the publicity, including the film, could have contributed to the difficulties for Unicef and ICRC, and later possibly for Oxfam. The problem was serious for Unicef (plus the other UN organizations) and ICRC, which were the only bodies capable of mounting a big food operation.

In practice, by oversimplification, these TV presentations of complex problems raise later problems for the more vital long-term task of development. Emergency action is essential when people's lives are at stake, but is usually late. It is more vital to ensure that people don't reach the stage of starvation. But when it comes to raising money for development, the media is suddenly silent, and what money is raised is a fraction of what the emergency alarm bells have brought.

In 1976, as the Representative of the UN Development Programme in Ethiopia, I was in Makele to see projects we were funding, to help small farmers grow more food in those harsh conditions. This was part of the UN development effort throughout Ethiopia. On 27 October the following report appeared: 'The International Fund for Agricultural Development (IFAD), the United Nations agency which lends money to small farmers in the poorest countries, is now suddenly threatened with being dismantled, following the collapse yesterday of week-long negotiations in Paris over future funding.'

Couldn't John Pilger and David Munro team their undoubted skills to the task of explaining what long-term development needs are, and why an informed and vigorous public opinion is needed to keep governments at the task? Shawcross's explanations are now uncomfortably relevant to the sufferings of Ethiopia and of many other countries in Africa, and of others yet to come.

FEEDBACK

Presenting economic arguments

THE GOVERNMENT is now bringing the claim that workers can price themselves into jobs into the centre of its argument. As Gavyn Davies suggested (*NS* 26 October) there is a possibility that it might be winning. He rightly warns that a too simplistic and easy rejection will not do. I want here to widen the debate about how we should combat the government's arguments.

Gavyn points to the advance of monetarism among economists during the '70s as an example of how lazy refutation failed to stem the tide. However, I think we have to reflect more deeply on the advance of monetarism in that period before we can be sure that we have found the correct way of combatting reactionary economic belief. Certainly evidence played little role in the advance of monetarism. As Gavyn showed, there is nothing to suggest that the connection between fiscal deficits and employment had been weakened during the '70s. Nor is it true that more than a handful of people changed their views from Keynesianism to monetarism. What happened is that those few gained enormous prominence and were able to dictate the ground on which the debate was conducted. There are probably now as many academic economists working on trying to refute monetarist economics as there are supporting it or working independently of it. And a generation of students has now been brought up to treat it as a serious doctrine.

Certainly that doctrine filled a vacuum created by disenchantment with Keynesianism both on the Right and the Left. The Left had indeed spent much of the post-war period attacking Keynesianism for ignoring the production process and the political context of economic policy. Some of the unanswered questions were addressed by the 'supply side' elements of monetarism. By the end of the '70s the Left found itself in a position where it had to try to defend doctrines that it had regarded as so obvious as to be not worth bothering with against arguments which it, along with most of the economic profession, had regarded as no more than a historical curiosity. The effectiveness of the monetarist revival lay in its taking the attack out of the realm of academic debate to a much wider audience. The monetarists played by none of the rules. They lied about history. They simplified and distorted their own arguments as well as everyone else's.

A recent example is Nigel Lawson's latest excuse that unemployment is now rising because more people want to work. In fact there is no direct evidence that there are more people wanting to work. While unemployment continued to rise, the basic series for the number of people working would have shown a continuing fall — if it had not been suppressed. Last year the government constructed a 'supplementary series' for the number of people working which showed more jobs being created than were measured by the Department's statisticians. Two months ago, on the basis of one sample survey, it decided to suppress the basic series and publish only its fiction. It is on the basis of the 'supplementary series' that the government bases its oft repeated and so now almost irrefutable claim that there are 250,000 new jobs, and that therefore rising unemployment is the result of more people wanting to work.

Gavyn refers to recent research in the Treasury which suggests that falling profits might destroy jobs and so gives support to the 'pricing out of jobs' theory. Now the results may or may not be true, but what is true is that the Treasury has devoted a large part of its research effort to finding such a relationship and was not deterred by early failures. Eventually it appears to have come up with what it wanted. This is known among statisticians as data mining. It is their equivalent of getting Shakespeare written by monkeys with typewriters.

The same point can be made about the work of Symonds which Gavyn quotes. A large amount of academic effort has been devoted to trying to find a relationship between pay and jobs. Most of it has found either no relationship or a positive association. The response of those committed to the pricing into jobs theory is to go on refining their formulation until they have found one that suits them. Such evidence must be given its due weight, but no more than that. The simple rejected results are just as important.

Two weeks ago in the Parliamentary Debate in the House of Commons, an MP intervened in Nigel Lawson's speech to point out that areas of low wages were also areas of high unemployment. The Chancellor replied: 'That is because of the special factors that affect industries in those areas.' What we need are more answers from the government where it is pointing out the complexities of apparently simple propositions, and fewer from us.

The Right indeed uses facts surprisingly. Samuel Brittan, one of its most consistent writers, makes it a positive virtue. He rejects empiricism with all the vigour of a dialectical materialist. 'My experience', he said recently, 'is that if you say what is clearly and obviously happening and wait, the model makers will ultimately catch up with you . . .'

The evidence is mostly on our side and has been for ages. What we need is not indignation at their breaking the rules but stark simple facts and concepts — the socialist equivalents of Mrs Thatcher's household economics and of the charge that every Labour government had increased unemployment, which will bring back the debate onto our territory. We must continue with the more complex analysis as both Gavyn and I have done. But that will not persuade the public at large nor probably even the economics profession. We must take a leaf from the monetarist counter-revolution and work as much outside the economics profession and its canons as inside it. If we do the profession may follow.

Henry Neuburger

Henry Neuburger is economic adviser to Neil Kinnock.

Gremlins have a field day. . .

We would like to correct a couple of errors which crept into *NS* articles last week:

1. In Joan Smith's article 'Rate of rebellion', the figure for the Labour majority at the GLC should be *four*, not 49 as printed. There are 49 Labour councillors in *Hackney*.
2. In Terry Tastard's article 'Cleft in rock of ages' the 1980 figure for people receiving communion in the C of E at Easter was 1.7 million, a drop *from* 7 per cent (not *of*) of the adult population to 4.7 per cent.

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Andrew Ward/Report

A sucker for miracles

Five years ago, the small and struggling Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament got a new General Secretary. He was Monsignor Bruce Kent, a publicly unknown Roman Catholic priest who knew little about politics but cared passionately about nuclear weapons. He went on to become one of Britain's most admired public figures, leading its largest political movement. Last month he announced he was giving up his post. Here, in the week before CND's annual conference, he describes how those five years changed him

MANY BUCKETS of water have been passed under the bridge since, nearly five years ago, I started work as the General Secretary of CND. Those days belong to a different time and almost a different country. I still have a letter somewhere written in 1979 to the BBC in very gentle tones explaining that CND had not actually passed away though it was phrased as if to suggest that it was not entirely unreasonable that they might think so.

Amazing plans we had in 1979. The first of the weeks of disarmament activity requested by the UN 1st Special Session on Disarmament of 1978 was to be celebrated and how were we to do it? What daring! Together with other peace groups we booked one half of the downstairs area at Westminster Central Hall, organised an interminable number of speakers and actually packed in between six and seven hundred people for a *national* rally. A year later, in one of the most moving moments of the last five years, I stood on the plinth at Trafalgar Square and watched as, on into the dusk, great banners advanced with thousands and thousands of people to fill the Square over and over again. The change in twelve months was beyond any expectations.

The measures of change in this five years are almost unbelievable. In 1979 we hoped that we had about 3,000 national members. In 1984 we know that we have 110,000 and at least five times as many active in local groups but not yet national members. In 1979 active local groups could be counted in dozens. Now there are over a thousand. Then we had three full-time members of staff; now we have forty. In those days if the annual financial turnover reached £25,000 there was joy unbounded. Now a budget of over £1 million is confidently expected. Then we crammed ourselves somehow into a 400 square foot garret in Great James Street; shortly we hope to move into 13,000 square feet of London office space.

These are the measurements of an incredible growth. What is more significant is that so many others are on the

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same road. Scientists, farmers, ex-service men and women, lawyers, doctors, teachers, trade unionists and Local Authority representatives, to name but a few, are joining in a chorus of protest about the lunacy of the nuclear arms race. I'm a soft touch for miracles and what has happened in the last five years is as good a miracle as any I've ever come across.

WHAT FOLLOWS is not an account of five years of CND and it is by no means my swan song. I'm moving sideways not out. My commission is to try to say as honestly as possible how these five years have changed my vision, affected my perspectives, beliefs and political attitudes. In particular how do I now relate to my church and to the church in general?

To get the most personal part of all this over first I can only admit that when I think of the church and what might have been I am filled with frustration and the sadness of lost opportunities. There are of course many active Christians in CND and their witness has added enormously to the credibility of CND activity. In the hard world of real politics a determined Mother Superior or some Dominican Friars in mess dress go a very long way. There is no doubt that Christian concern has increased enormously. Christian CND has become one of the most active and influential of the CND specialist sections. The British Council of Churches has taken some very positive steps. Yes, there have been Bishops too, though not many, and the combined force of Kenneth Greet and Donald Soper has given to the Methodists a lead only equalled by that of the quiet and purposeful Quakers. Thank god for them, the Baptists and the United Reformed Church.

But on the whole church leadership in this country, both Roman Catholic and Church of England, has been timid, ill-informed and even suspicious. The great moral issues of cruise and Trident have not been faced. Another great and very sad lost opportunity for some real Christian witness.

I had hoped it might be otherwise.

What else have I learned in five years at the CND school? I have had my eyes opened and my enthusiasms fired by so many great people who have given us hope and courage and perseverance. Only a year ago, for instance, I walked beside his garden with the late Sir Martin Ryle. Not for him the pretentious academic dignity that makes CND too vulgar for some. He cared passionately. He was committed. He had a scientific pedigree which could not be avoided or explained away.

Martin is only one of many whom I remember with love and affection. Few will know about Basil Wearn, almost blind with his pebble glasses, who came so faithfully to the CND office in the lean years till he could see no more to help to keep our records in order. More will know of Peggy Duff who, peaceful warhorse to the last, linked first CND with second CND and gave such a powerful push to the newborn END, the campaign for European Nuclear Disarmament. Some will be moved by the memory of young Caroline Taylor, Greenham and green enthusiast, cut down in her young beauty, her baby in her arms, by a tragic and stupid motorway collision.

All these and so many others I remember with affection. Their lives have made us all trustees for the future. I list one other living name only, because CND is not a movement of great names. It is that of James Cameron. The most charitable commentator of the early days of CND could not in honesty fail to note that some of our early founders had a little trouble with their egos. Not so James. In season and out over many long years he has borne witness to the lunacy of the nuclear world which at such moral cost gives us ever increasing insecurity. To be a friend of his I shall always count a major credit.

But there are thousands and thousands of others. Volunteers working in the office under conditions which would bring most unions out at the drop of a hat. Fellow members of staff and those elected Council members who carry the really heavy weight of responsibility. Those who have risked prison. Those who cope with the endless local chores in the thousand-plus groups which crisscross the country. All these and many more have widened my horizons in a way I did not dream possible. I have become part of many families. The spirit of Keir Hardie still lives on and I have seen a great deal of it. It has taught me not to judge in categories and to make friends where I was taught not to look for them.

I have learnt more also about the perils and the tedium of democracy. CND for all sorts of historical reasons seems to have lumbered itself with a decision-making machinery which reproduces some of the worst features of the processes created by political parties. (Excluding of course the Conservative Party whose system of decision making avoids the vulgar constraints on the other bodies.) Our present conference structure favours those whose lives are lived in the world of resolutions, amendments, points of order and points of information. To operate the machinery takes the work of at least one and often two full-time staff members for a year.

It is a personal view and one that I know can be disputed but I just wonder if we cannot find another and more genuinely democratic system of policy making. Indeed, how many policies does a single issue campaign need? Determined minorities can manipulate and do try to manipulate at times, though happily the movement is now too large and too independent to be much damaged by this kind of activity which is usually directed to getting CND to give its total support to a variety of other causes and a series of different sectarianisms.

THERE IS however the world, not just of internal CND politics, but the wider and more important world of parliamentary change. Here there seems to be constant tension between aims and strategies. A not insubstantial section of CND seems to believe that the road to disarmament consists of pushing into the Labour Party manifesto as many of CND's ultimate aims as possible without much immediate interest in the conversion of the electorate who actually do the voting, and with little enough concern for CND members who do not intend to vote Labour. There are quite a few of those.

As a disciple of Alinsky and devoted to his handbook, *Rules for Radicals*, I really cannot understand this fundamentalist approach. Firmly convinced as I am that Britain's nuclear weapons (and the nuclear bases which we host) are illegal, immoral, expensive and in no way add to our security, I am only too ready to join in campaigns to put these issues to the public at any time. But that means planning, presentation, education and hard work on doorsteps — work which few MPs unhappily had undertaken at the last election. The focus on the Manifesto rather than on the persuasion of the public is another matter. Purity of doctrine may be comforting but it does not inevitably mean change.

Those who hold power at the mement know well enough how to call on forces which go beyond those of reason and which can panic the public in any direction. *'Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order. Without it our nation cannot survive.'* This happens to come from Adolf Hitler in 1932 but it could just as well have come from a whole series of right-wing propagandists over the last few years.

Conjuring up an outside enemy who threatens us all is the oldest trick in the book. It was Jean Bodin, the 16th century philosopher, who declared that 'the best way of preserving a state and guaranteeing it against sedition, rebellion and civil war is...to find an enemy against whom the subjects can make common cause.' The militarists would be lost without the Soviet Union.

I well remember a discussion with

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Francis Pym, in the days when Ministers of Defence did not think it beneath their dignity to have an honest exchange of views with the non-governmental opposition, in which he said that we must judge the Soviets not by their intentions but by their capabilities. Sauce for the goose ought also to be sauce for the gander. There must be not a few Soviet military thinkers who know all about the capabilities of Pershing II and the oncoming range of first strike nuclear weapons and who do not put much store on professed Western declarations of intent.

Dialogue with Mr Pym was honest. What has shocked me more than anything else perhaps over the last five years is the way in which many Conservative spokesmen — yes, all men except the egregious Lady Olga who is such an admirable CND recruiter — have stooped to tactics which are clearly shoddy. I am not thinking of malicious little organizations like the Coalition for Peace through Security. I am thinking of a whole range of respectable people who have not hesitated to allege, without a shred of evidence, Soviet funding, Communist manipulation, pro-Soviet direction, and the like. My prize of £100 (increased to £500 for Sir Frederic Bennett) for any evidence of Soviet funding still remains unclaimed.

It has been a painful part of my political awakening to realise that many of those in power care more about that power than they do about peace. It is becoming very difficult indeed to get a Conservative Member of Parliament to debate or discuss the nuclear arms race issue and when they do, too often they have to resort to smears in order to have anything to say at all. There are admirable exceptions. Geoffrey Pattie, for one. I commend to all those Conservatives who want to take part in serious discussion about the nuclear arms race to read carefully both the *Final Report of the First United Nations Special Session on Disarmament* and *Common Security*, the report of the Palme Commission.

However, most MPs are busy people and, like the rest of us, must rely on the media, parts of which are so grossly biased.

THIS HAS been another part of the awakening process. I do not just refer to the gutter papers of the Right, which ruthlessly create and demolish their demons. They know all too well the commerical value of beating the nationalist drum, of inspiring fear and hatred, of the character assassination of anyone who challenges some of the assumptions of our very unequal society. I do wonder what happens in the minds of their journalists and cartoonists as they make their way home at night. Do they ever think that it is *people* whom they have just carved up, or that truth, not the wishes of a monopolist owner, might be a value worth pursuing?

But when I think of media bias I do not have just that kind of sludge in mind. The selectivity of parts of the genteel press and the High Command in broadcasting can be astonishing. Between them the media have created a triangular framework within which people have to think. It is a process that makes a genuine democracy very difficult.

One side of the triangle is the Soviet Union, always a sinister distant threat, never to be understood, never to be thought of in terms of actual people. Another side is the false gulf, fixed apparently for ever, between 'unilateralists' and 'multilateralists'. Most of us in CND are both. The third side is the sacred need for 'balance', as if balance in a world of insane nuclear overkill had any significance whatsoever. But balance is greatly cherished by the media. It is part of the 'modes of thinking' which Einstein predicted we would not change even in the atomic age, and because of which we would drift to 'unparallelled disaster'.

However, the realities and brutalities of the political and the media world are not the end of the story. Indeed it has not all been bias and punch-ups. Far from it. Many of my best friends are journalists. I shall not forget the courtesy with which I have been received by two successive Generals at the Staff College in Camberley, or the unique opportunity provided by Channel 4, in the middle of the 1983 election, to debate at length, and successfully, in front of a neutral audience the key issue of British unilateral nuclear disarmament.

In fact, when and where serious discussion is allowed, there is great progress to be made. More and more people are coming to appreciate the bogus nature of the government's 'multilateralism'. There is no intelligent case to be made against an immediate general freeze on all nuclear weapons research, production, testing and deployment. More and more people realize that behind the government's refusal to make a 'no first use' commitment lie strategies of nuclear warfighting, with the clear implication that a nuclear war can in some sense be limited and won.

Finally the issue of legality is happily coming to the fore. The manifest illegality, very probably of any use, and certainly of a first use of nuclear weapons, is beginning to be understood. This time there will be no Nuremberg after the event. We have to find ways of exposing the criminality of nuclear policies while we still have time. The Reagan landslide is a good moment for gritting the teeth, remembering once more the growing perils and setting out with hope on another five years. The last five have been astonishing enough! There are more miracles yet to come. □

Andrew Ward/Report

Mass CND demonstration, London, October 1983: a growing realisation that this time there will be no Nuremberg after the event

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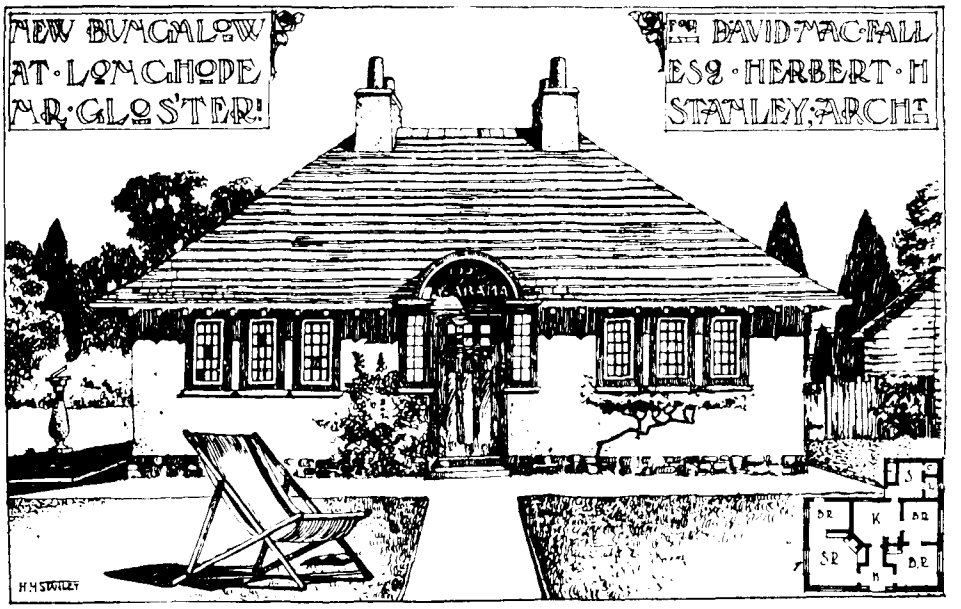

Nightmare or dream? Gloucester retreat of 1909 (cost £350) from King's *The Bungalow*

Dream homes

Alun Howkins

The Bungalow: The Production of a Global Culture
ANTHONY D. KING *Routledge* £35
Arcadia for All: The Legacy of a Makeshift Landscape
DENNIS HARDY and COLIN WARD *Mansell*
£25 & £9.95

WHEN WILLIAM Morris's traveller in *News from Nowhere* rowed up the Thames he passed through a rural world of 'elm beset meadows' where 'quaint and pretty houses, some old, some new' hid among the trees and fields of a 'new builded' country paradise. When John Bruce Glasier, Fabian and ILP member, wrote of the socialist future in 1908 he said 'the land calls the people and the people unbound hasten to the land'. The English socialist Utopia was Arcadia, a rural world of peace and simplicity.

But it was not only a socialist dream. From at least the 1890s the desire to move away from the centre of town, especially London, previously restricted to the very rich, spread downwards to the middle class. H.G. Wells wrote in 1902 of the 'passion for nature . . . and that craving for a little private *imperium*' which would cause the city to 'diffuse itself'. By the 1920s 'bungaloid growth' (a phrase coined in 1927) and the plotland and selfbuild 'horrors' of Peacehaven and Jaywick had given a widespread and material reality to those dreams.

The visible legacy of the socialist dream is virtually non-existent. Especially after 1945, socialism became equated with technology and progress, and modernism was the architectural norm of post-war development. On the other hand, the private dream physically still dominates large areas of southern England.

These two books in different and complementary ways explore that landscape. **The Bungalow** is, in some senses, the more ambitious of the two. King examines the form from its Indian/colonial origins through to the mid-20th-century developments of North America, Australia and Britain. En route his architectural tour takes in most of the rest of the world. His central argument is that one can identify a global culture of architectural style which accords with the development of 'an international, though capitalist urban culture', and that the bungalow was 'one of the, if not *the*, first common house types' of this culture.

Arcadia for All has a more limited focus. It seeks to describe and analyse the phenomenon of selfbuild and plotland development. Crudely this was the piecemeal development of country and coastal areas by the speculative purchase of, usually, poor quality agricultural land and the building of 'shacks' on small plots sold or leased to individual purchasers. The movement, for such it was, flourished between the 1890s and the outbreak of the Second World War. After the 1947 Town and Country Planning Act such development virtually ceased.

Both the bungalow, as a symbol of uncontrolled and 'vulgar' development, and the plotlands as 'proletarian shanty towns' have received a bad press. King points out that once the bungalow had moved out of the exclusive and wealthy artistic bohemia which adapted it to English taste in the 1880s and 1890s it quickly became an architectural anathema. It was a short step from this to the current view of the bungalow as a mixture of joke and 'ultimate bad taste'. As for the plotlands, they seldom found defenders apart from the East Enders and other poor holiday-makers to whom they represented freedom and escape. From the mid-1930s bungalows and plotlands were grouped together as the enemies of all that was decent and pure in England by writers from C.E.M. Joad to Evelyn Waugh, by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and the architectural profession and town planners.

To some extent this alone made re-evaluation necessary and inevitable. Yet such a process is difficult. The 'enormous condescension' of good taste is particularly pervasive in this area, and few can be found to defend what Joad called the 'quite unspeakable ugliness and vulgarity' of much plotland development. But the question raised by both books is more fundamental than that of taste — it is a question of access to land and lifestyle. Basically, it is a question of class — of who holds power, controls the land and defines what use should be made of it. As King frequently points out, few objected, or indeed object, to the large architect-designed bungalow set in its own grounds with swimming pool and three-car garage; it is proliferation and popularisation which are evil. There is a profound irony, as Hardy and Ward point out, in the fact that many of the 'defenders' of rural England from the plotlands and bungalows were members of the liberal intelligentsia who built and modernised their own rural retreats and second homes, while denying the same right to those worse off than themselves on apparently aesthetic and therefore 'value-free' criteria.

Both these books represent a real step forward. *The Bungalow* is a marvellous study in architecture and social history which puts discussion of purpose and ideology where it should be — central. It is also evocative, lovingly illustrated and carefully researched. One could argue about the correspondences between the global economic model and the global culture which are proposed but at least it is a theoretical framework which moves away from sterile aesthetics. *Arcadia for All* offers a different perspective. It not only opens up a new area of working-class history and culture but presents a powerful basis for a fresh analysis of town planning and building. In the end, though, it is an almost throw-away proposal by Hardy and Ward which sticks in my mind — the idea that the waste land of the East End should be provided with basic amenities and then given over to plotland developments. That's how they did it in *News from Nowhere*. □

Dispatches

Ronald Aronson

War Diaries: Notebooks from a Phoney War, November 1939-March 1940
JEAN-PAUL SARTRE *Verso/NLB* £14.95

IN HIS LAST years, a posthumous air increasingly came to surround Jean-Paul Sartre. Nearly blind, recurrently ill, his intellectual powers deteriorating, unable to write, used for his reputation by his young *gauchiste* friends, his great work and life seemed to be behind him. Accordingly, even if tens of thousands turned out for his funeral, the literary, philosophical and political-intellectual worlds mourned his passing in 1979 with sad retrospection rather than grief.

His time had been the Occupation and the post-war period, through the struggle over Algerian independence. Sartre made his intellectual mark in the quarter-century between the appearance of *Nausea* in 1938 and *Words*, published in 1963 — a period fittingly capped by his being awarded, and rejecting, the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1964. Sartre himself regarded his monumental biography of Gustave Flaubert, published in 1971 and 1972,

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half-apologetically, the remnant of a bourgeois self-indulgence the sexagenarian was too old to suppress completely. Indeed, his old-age imprisonment in a Maoist anti-intellectual politics drained his Flaubert of Sartre's customary bite and verve, making it sadly obvious that his project had drawn to its close, however incomplete, well before the end of his life.

In one way or another, then, we have been mourning Sartre for over a dozen years. Knowing that no great book was interrupted by death, we have been unable to wait upon any decisive but half-finished works. Yes, we knew that his abandoned works would be faithfully published by Gallimard and they would fill in various blank spots about the man, his thought and his time. But they were destined to remain in the past: dutifully reviewed, taken up by scholars pursuing articles and dissertations, eventually to be absorbed into the *oeuvre* of 50 volumes.

With the appearance of *War Diaries*, the first of the posthumous works to be translated, it is now clear that something rather unexpected is happening. The writings Sartre withheld until after his death are too rich, too *present* — even when as in this case they deal with the 'Phoney War' of 1939-40 — to be immediately relegated to the past. Freed by death from reticence about his unfinished and personal writings, Sartre seems to be projecting himself beyond the simple grave in the Montparnasse Cemetery and into our midst once again: fresh, profound and relevant.

It was not surprising that the two volumes of letters Simone de Beauvoir edited should become a best-seller, considering their easy accessibility and charm, as well as the light they throw on Sartre's often tumultuous and complicated amorous life. And, of course, Beauvoir's account of his last years, containing a lengthy interview, is attractive as a clear, restrained conclusion of her memoirs of their shared life, telling the intimate story of how the great man lived his declining years. Yet scarcely anyone anticipated the richness, brilliance and beauty of the treasure-trove of other works that are appearing. Sartre's Freud scenario is a riveting masterpiece, one of the rare interpretations of one genius by another. His ethics, *Cahiers pour une Morale* (the sequel to *Being and Nothingness*) and the unpublished portion of *Critique of Dialectical Reason*, are major philosophical contributions in their own right, each over 200,000 words and containing soon-to-be famous discussions such as Sartre's analysis of Stalinism. And now, in a painstaking and marvellously edited English translation by Quinton Hoare, we have an altogether disarming masterpiece, those five of Sartre's 14 notebooks that managed to survive the war.

Mobilised in September 1939 into the meteorological corps, Sartre was posted not far from the front, in Alsace. He felt himself undergoing a profound change, 'like a snake sloughing its skin', and began keeping a journal in order to record and direct this transformation. Having 'never taken the world seriously' before the war, Sartre sought now to leave this 'abstract, rootless individual' and find a *rooted* freedom. He observed — and contested — himself in minute detail and with dispassionate lucidity. 'I am cold,' he writes:

> 'up in the air', with no ties, having known neither union with the land through work in the fields, nor union with a class through solidarity of interests, nor union with bodies through pleasure . . . I don't need anybody or anything. Such is the character I have made for myself, in the course of thirty-four years of my life . . . I have no liking for this character, and I want to change.

Simultaneous with this extended self-analysis Sartre explored many of the ideas to be developed in *Being and Nothingness*, presenting them with both personal reference and great clarity, notably *authenticity, nothingness* and *situation*. In free-ranging discussion he spoke of the soldiers' complicity with this war they did not oppose and the bad faith of pretending it was not theirs; of his own free assumption of the physical infirmity of having only one good eye by 'wanting to be loved through intellectual seduction', and, in his first essay in existential psychoanalysis, of Kaiser William II *living* his withered left arm by seeking to conquer England.

The seriousness of their setting and goals is belied by the striking ease of these journals, their casual and kaleidoscopic quality, their air not of wartime privation or personal *angst* but of Sartre's infectious and cheerful interest in everything taking place within and around him. He studies the fate of the Alsatians evacuated to the 'savage' Limousin, the men in his unit ('Paul's fearful, meticulous self-dispersal; and Pieter's easy-going soft self-abandon, his greedy, corpulent way of seeming in all he does to be "indulging" some endearing whim'), the idea of *humanism* (the abasement of 'man viewing himself as *species*'), and the authors he is reading ('The sentences of Gide's journal . . . are wishes, prayers, commandments, hymns, laments, condemnations'). Perhaps the finest moment of this cornucopia of self-analysis, ideas, stinging epithets and precise observations is Sartre's detailed description of going on leave, 15 brilliant pages which bring the 'Phoney War' experience home as perhaps no one has ever done. Even without fighting, Sartre shows clearly, his experience is such as to effect 'the slow, inevitable transformation of the soldier into a misunderstood individual'.

Hoare's editing guides the reader through hundreds of Sartre's unexplained references; as translator he indicates questionable terms and why he chose as he did; and his sophisticated introduction concludes with a guide to the missing as well as the present notebooks, drawn from a close study of the letters. There he speculates that its remarkable 'combination — in search of the spontaneous and the composed' is due to 'the fact that the journal was simultaneously *private*, destined for a future public, and written first and foremost for *De Beauvoir*.'

Certainly, as Hoare also notes, in spite of Sartre's amorous torments — only mentioned here — he seems quite serene during the 'Phoney War'. And why not? Lacking any sense of impending disaster, Sartre was released from his teaching post and removed from his circle of friends and, apart from an occasional meteorological observation, he was totally free to write. And write he did, from 8 o'clock in the morning to 9 at night, slowing down at lunch and stopping only to read novels or answer letters for perhaps another two hours. Adding the *Age of Reason* and his letters to the journals, Hoare estimates Sartre's output during these months at perhaps one million words! If Sartre joined history and society, then, it was in a way so privileged that he was ironically accused by a comrade of being a 'war profiteer'.

Indeed, as Hoare with insight indicates, Sartre sought rootedness *as a writer*. Yet the very progress perpetuated his separation. And this is the journals' limitation, Sartre's strength as his weakness. Alongside their richness and ease, one is struck by the journals' strangely bloodless quality. Sartre observed repeatedly, as we have seen, that he lacked feeling. His tone is everywhere remarkably clinical, except for an occasional irritation at 'Peter' and 'Paul', or momentary gloom over a love affair's disappointments. Then a song heard while returning from leave brings tears to his eyes. 'I fight them back, pretending to wipe my glasses.' Perhaps

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he remains detached except for this rare moment because the war is ambiguous: both real and not real, it hangs over the soldiers, *is* them, but it has not yet begun. Yet it seems that everyone Sartre describes is living abnormally as a result of this, except for Sartre himself. His serenity seems oddly misplaced: the journals contain not even the slightest hint of the impending collapse and the disaster to follow. □

POETRY

Ears to hear

John Lucas

The Ice Factory
PHILIP GROSS *Faber* £3.25
The Kingfisher
AMY CLAMPITT *Faber* £4
In And Out Of The Apple
JOHN MOLE *Secker* £5.95
The Stubborn Forest
PAUL HYLAND *Bloodaxe* £3.95

PHILIP GROSS has that priceless, unfakeable gift, a good ear. **The Ice Factory** is not merely very readable, it is full of lines and stanzas that demand to be uttered.

> Conjured from air
> they rose: ghost-waltzers, wisps, dissolving in
> and out of light, to flirt, a shimmer, there
> and gone. Then one was down, grounded and
> jittering,
> ours.

I imagine that there's no great need to spell out how good that writing is. The words have a self-delighted accomplishment about them, and the carefully-judged line breaks properly dramatise the poem's subject (two boys out at night, catching moths). Instead, and at the risk of being churlish, I will say that I think this skill runs the risk of veering towards mere manner. Even 'wisp' — well, yes, the links that are established between 'waltzers' and 'dissolving' are perhaps enough for it to earn its keep. But this kind of writing, which in the last analysis derives from Hopkins, can acquire a preciosity which 'Vapourer' avoids but which some other poems don't ('Crab' for example).

More seriously, perhaps, there's another danger which 'Vapourer' doesn't avoid. It ends with the death of a naturalist, with 'something / gone between us, like our breath frosting the night air.' Wordsworth's 'Nutting' is a great poem, but it has exercised an almost tyrannical fascination on later poets, even when they have not perhaps been conscious of the fact. If Gross's poem escapes the worst that might be said against it, it's because the breach with nature that he writes about feels to be authenticated by art. Still, the desire to spell out a meaning often means that his final lines are unduly portentous.

In the first half of *The Ice Factory*, that is. I don't know whether the poems are printed in chronological order, but they seem to me to become better as they go on. Is it because they switch from nature to human studies? At all events, I prefer Gross when he turns to people, strangers moving about in a world they never made. 'The Curator's Tale', for example, is about a lonely, ruefully comic observer, the curator of a small natural history museum, who watches visitors 'a rainy afternoon blows in to share / the stillness of stuffed animals,' where 'the salmon gapes, embedded stupidly in air,' and there's a 'Galapagos tortoise / turned to stone / after a lifetime practising.' It may sound like Larkin territory, but in fact Gross handles this part detached, part painfully-engaged, wryly observant mode in very much his own way. There is, for instance, 'The Honeymoon', where a woman sees her husband diving towards her, under water: 'Pale waterbaby, eyes / and hair wild, topsy-turvy, groping in a dumb-/ show of dismay, he fell to me.' Being at this unique distance from isolation is finely caught in a number of other poems, of which 'The Victory Dance' is perhaps the best (though it has one cheap moment, about a demobbed man being full of 'beer / and battles'). Its subject is a woman who marries a refugee and who finds herself lying beside him as he sleeps 'huddled, deep, / but has such dreams. What can I do? / He speaks a foreign language in his sleep.' And there are also 'Man and Wife', the title poem, 'Passages From Africa' . . . But this all amounts to saying: buy a copy of *The Ice Factory*.

The Kingfisher is a different matter. People whose judgment I greatly suspect think that Amy Clampitt is a fine poet. To me, she seems bound for Pseuds' Corner. In the first place, I distrust her emphasis on herself as a Serious Person. All those references to Mozart and Marianne Moore and Beethoven. What are they for? Then, she piles the words on in a kind of breathless notation so that they come across as unsifted diary jottings ('Professor d'E . . . slim, fair, elfin'). And then there are her descriptions. Of fog, for example: 'a lifting / of whisps and scarves / of smoke-rings / from about the islands, disclosing / what had been wavering / fishnet plissé as a smoothness / of peau-de-soie or just-ironed / percale, with a tatting / of foam . . .' She has been compared to Marianne Moore and Elizabeth Bishop. But their best poetry is, among other things, carefully crafted. Clampitt's lines unreel with a facility that's never snagged by rhyme or pulled taut by a proper sense of paced rhythm. And instead of their wit and intelligence she goes in for fake profundities. 'Grief is like money: there is only / so much of it we can give away.' There will probably be cries of outrage over this treatment of her work. Tell me, what am I missing?

No just doubts about John Mole's new volume. **In And Out Of The Apple** is a delight. Mole's praise of ordinariness is anything but glib, yet he values persistence, the habit of living without vast expectations, in a way that is entirely honourable. 'A Sunday Painter' looks as though it is going to be a satire on compromise. Instead, it deftly turns upon those who would identify with such satire. It is public, not private faces, that Mole distrusts. In a not wholly successful poem, 'Rain', he imagines Baldwin bequeathing a dismal future to unborn generations, where the rain 'soaks to the very skin / Those unborn children / Stamping their murderous boots / Down Prospect Alley.' Murderous is perhaps overdoing it, but it wouldn't hurt the present government to consider that poem's meaning.

Mole is not a softie. He refuses to take refuge in what others might consider appropriate consolations. Love goes sour, relationships are hurt by rage and distrust (see 'Incident at Snape', which makes a keen parable out of Punch and Judy); and in 'Difference' he recalls an old, dotty aunt, whose belief in God was pathetic, funny, chilling, and who was

> on the brink
> Of somewhere I could almost recognise
> As madness but was always gently told
> Was *difference* waiting to be understood
> When He had closed those startled, innocent eyes
> Whose meaning might come clear if I grew old
> Repeating daily: *All God gives is good.*

'Difference' is a sonnet. It is also one sentence, and it is part of Mole's technical skill that he unwinds the sentence over all 14 lines, using rhyme with an exact, discreet force to arrest meaning, while never stopping the drive towards that final mordant phrase. He is, in fact, particularly adroit at wringing fresh meanings from clichés, as in 'The Plum Tree', where a plum job, a plummy voice and the tree that money grows on are all cleverly exploited.

Mole's cast of mind is far from the English melancholy that focusses on death's dying fall. He wants Yorick's skull to say 'That a life was lived here / Loved to the limit / And now is not.' As a matter of fact, the limits of love are sometimes quickly reached in his poems, but for all that he is at his best a true poet; and he is at his best in half-a-dozen poems in the present volume.

London Review of Books

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Paul Hyland is a less assured writer. **The Stubborn Forest** is earnest, even strenuous, perhaps because Hyland's vocabulary is strangely clotted, his rhythms awkward. But there are several decent poems in the volume and one, 'A Dig Through Dust', which is that rare thing nowadays, a genuinely accomplished religious poem. It is about a dream, a burrowing into biblical and Christian history, which produces little evidence of a past way of life:

> But for three Roman nails,
> rust-cankered. Post-hole then, and grave,
> Out of the dig's raised dust
> a man — a gardener — appears
> to set a seed in it.
> Water, he says. I wake in tears.

The difficult, honest ambiguity of that ending is deeply impressive. □

Mind rot

Anne Smith

All for Love: A Study in Soap Opera
PETER BUCKMAN *Secker* £9.95

FOR THOSE of you who have always wondered what it is that causes millions of people every day to suspend their critical faculties and surrender their intellects to the badly-acted banalities of TV soap-operas, this is not the book. Peter Buckman has achieved the unenviable feat of falling between several stools, none of which he appears to have known were there, and none of which he seems to have been capable of mounting in the first place.

One of those stools is labelled 'critical analysis', and Mr Buckman misses it by several parasangs, e.g. 'Even more unpredictable than what a player will bring to a part is the chemistry between two actors, or an actor and an actress, that can turn a matzo into a soufflé.' Another is labelled 'sucking up to the viewers' — he hits that all right, but too hard:

> There are those who cannot stand the 'cosy nostalgia' of *Coronation Street* . . . All of which proves that the soap public doesn't just sit there in a trance, but does precisely what the critics accuse them (*sic*) of being incapable of doing, and exercises the power of choice.

But those selfsame wunnerful people do occasionally give Mr Buckman a twinge of anxiety, as when they send gifts, fan-mail and advice-seeking letters to their fictional heroes and heroines just as if they were real:

> Maybe these fans are nuts. I must admit that this aspect of the relationship between public and soap characters concerns me. Perhaps it's another one of those games people play with their television sets, goading those electronic phantasms into a flesh-and-blood response. I'm not sure and I worry about it.

He can't solve that one, obviously, since the truth would alienate the fans. He can only comfort himself with the observation that 'Princes, Princesses and Presidents' get the same treatment, and that they are 'as much fantasy-figures to their public' as J.R. and Miss Ellie — which might well be the most perceptive remark in the book.

Alienation certainly is not the name of Mr Buckman's game: which brings us to another two stools, marked 'saleability on both sides of the Atlantic' and 'accessibility to Mr and Mrs Average Public'. Efforts to mount these simultaneously lead to some of the most nauseatingly would-be zippy prose it has yet been my misfortune to encounter between two covers — 'Real life is a lot more iffy than that'; 'The public itself is a mass of privates'; 'She pointed out that where love was concerned, so was emotion'; 'Even the shrink couldn't persuade her that she was a whole woman'; a Penelope who spends her time 'tatting' while she waits for Ulysses, and more like that, folks.

Need one say more? Yes. There's the sexism, which Mr Buckman denies so strenuously in his text and exhibits with equal vigour in the subtext — 'A list of what men find desirable in women could be written on a single page; what women find desirable about men would fill volumes. (I trust it is clear that I mean this as a compliment to woman's extraordinary complexity.)' And where oh where was the editor at Secker's when this was got ready for the printers, with its clumsy grammar, irritating parentheses (sometimes four on a page), endless repetition, self-contradictions and crass stupidities?

I used to wonder, but now I'm convinced — soap opera rots the mind. Probably the pix of Joan Collins, Noele Gordon and Larry Hagman on the cover will sell the book the same way they sell the tabloids, though. □

FICTION

Change and decay

Marion Glastonbury

Fighting with Shadows
DERMOT HEALY *Allison & Busby* £8.95
Down from the Hill
ALAN SILLITOE *Granada* £7.95
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DORIS LESSING *Michael Joseph* £9.95
Alexis
MARGUERITE YOURCENAR *Aidan Ellis* £8.95

D.H. LAWRENCE warned readers not to expect 'the old stable ego of character' in his fiction, urging them to note instead 'the allotropic states' through which human substance passes. Ordinary novels could trace the history of certain diamonds, whereas 'my diamond might be coal or soot, and my theme is carbon'. This week's novels indicate a similar concern for elemental structure, as they chart the persistence of identity through the mutations of age and stress. Not to mention drink and delirium.

On both sides of the border in the visionary Ireland of Dermot Healy's **Fighting with Shadows**, the past is inescapable. Today's casualties are buried among the unmarked graves of Famine victims; today's elections are

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fought amid echoes of distant campaigns. 'Youse know nothing of the pain, the terror we live through, nothing at all,' Margaret from Fermanagh tells strangers at a Dublin dance. A glimmer of that knowledge lies in wait for us behind the dense accumulation of detail, the lyrical pointillisme that creates a populous landscape through which violence bursts or grief creeps up as stealthily as kidney failure.

One of Dermot Healy's favourite words is 'traffic'. He applies it to beetles in bark, shell-drift on the sea-bed and throbbing eardrums beside roadworks. It suggests tumultuous sensation, teeming motion, the cross-currents of communities. But the technique that sharpens impressions and delivers all this palpitating life also cuts away the connective tissue of narrative. We lose track of characters who are glimpsed in passing and whose thoughts are impenetrably compressed. Challenged to construct coherence from multitudinous observations and anecdotes, even the most confident readers may doubt the adequacy of their reception, like the television in the story which fails to transmit the news:

> It was the voices remained longest in the mind, then a swarm of dislocated angry dots rose so that the individual components of the picture drifted away from each other and all became unrecognizable.

There is little to perplex or disorientate us in the journeys of **Down from the Hill**. Paul Morton is a Nottinghamshire lad who likes to be sure of his whereabouts. In 1945, he is 17 and eager to spend his week's holiday from the factory on a cycling trip in the Trent valley where nights in a youth hostel, a shandy in a pub, an encounter with a hectoring landowner, a long-anticipated visit to a girlfriend and a startling embrace from a landlady amount to an adventure. Thirty-eight years later, he retraces the route by car, taking a generally dim view of city-centre redevelopment, restaurant food, unemployment and his own prosperity and success as a much-married film-maker. Predictably, the impetuous wayfarer is better company than the meditative cigar-smoking media-man, despite some interesting thoughts on navigation, maps and memory, speed and vision, inner and outer change.

Doris Lessing contributes a caustic introduction to **The Diaries of Jane Somers**, which she first published pseudonymously as separate titles: *The Diary of a Good Neighbour* and *If the Old Could. . .* The experiment proved what she already suspected: that editors ignore unknown authors, that reviewers can't recognise famous authors in disguise and that publishers consider depressing themes unmarketable. In fact the reported sufferings of the elderly poor, and the hectic drudgery of the women who help them, have, in these stories, a bracing rather than debilitating effect.

It is oddly appropriate that trend-setting Janna, at the peak of her journalistic career, should befriend Maudie Fowler, a fierce nonagenarian widow, and listen spell-bound to her reminiscences of the rag-trade at the very moment when pioneering historians were filling archives with similar recordings. A fascination with the toil of our foremothers is more widely shared than Janna realises. But the strange intimacy that entails lifelong commitment and squalid chores also prompts remorse for the shallowness of Janna's previous attachments: her neglect of mother and husband, and the narcissistic self-absorption that for so long removed all infirmity from her sight.

The stark plight of Maudie, Eliza and Annie, however, appears in a sort of limbo, devoid of any ideas about where pensions and housing and welfare benefits come from, part of no social order, and therefore implying endless censure of individuals: callous relatives, insensitive social workers, a clumsy nurse. . . I'm not saying I'd prefer a manifesto from Age Concern: merely that some awareness of the wider context of injustice (as in *King Lear*) would be welcome.

In her engaging preface to the exquisitely slender **Alexis**, first published in 1929, Marguerite Yourcenar admits that, but for Gide's example, she might have attempted to produce a full-scale novel on the subject of homosexuality, and this would have required 'a variety of human and literary experience' which, at the age of 24, she did not possess. Instead her 'Treatise of a Vain Struggle' takes the form of a letter addressed by a young musician to the wife who has just borne their child, explaining why sexual integrity compels him to leave her forever. This discourse proceeds at the pace of a pavane; Alexis examines his conscience as if it were a piece of priceless Sèvres. . .So much aristocratic elegance would be insufferable without the occasional sharp phrase and striking aphorism: 'It is the living members of old families who seem to be the ghosts of the dead.' □

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ART

Booby prize

John Spurling

Geometry of Rage
Arnolfini, Bristol, until 19 November; then Third Eye Centre, Glasgow
Thérèse Oulton
Gimpel Fils, London W1
Chris Baker
Paton Gallery, Langley Court, London WC2

I WONDER if the Tate shouldn't give up altogether its attempts to cope with contemporary art. The awarding of the first Turner Prize to Malcolm Morley, who has made his career in the USA and whose recent retrospective at the Whitechapel demonstrated that British art had missed little by his absence, was inept, given that the judges were asked to decide who had made the greatest contribution to art in Britain over the past year.

However, there is already a prime candidate for next year's prize. The contribution to art in Britain made by the Contemporary Art Society's four-day Art Market at the end of last month is already immense and its long-term effects extremely promising. The CAS assembled some 300 works and offered them at prices between £50 and £500. People were queuing to get in before the doors opened on the first day, the artists were soon having to bring in more work to replace what had been snapped up and the final result was a sale of 270 works by 110 artists. The CAS naturally hopes to repeat the venture, but that in itself may be less significant than the revelation that there really are plenty of modest buyers for contemporary art and the distinct possibility that, if private galleries adjusted their ideas (and their prices) and stopped depending on institutions such as the Tate and a few rich collectors, the whole nature of patronage and therefore of the business of being an artist in this country might be transformed.

A proof of how badly our present Tate-dominated system works is in Bristol until the end of this week and will be in Glasgow from 24 November. Michael Sandle, born in 1936, is one of the strangest and most powerful sculptors we have ever produced. His work is figurative and monumental, much concerned with death, war and state violence. His imagination is romantic, with a touch of the Jacobean, but his execution is rigorously controlled and economical, so that, for example, the skeletal Mickey Mouse which sits behind a machine-gun and evokes the Vietnam War in 'A Twentieth Century Memorial' is reduced in 'Minister for Propaganda' to a mere head behind a microphone.

The Bristol exhibition includes a selection of his sculpture from the last four years and a group of new large drawings in watercolour and ink which, with their erupting volcanoes, burning bridges and monuments, cascading rubble, a tank blazing in a fir forest and even a fiery horseman of the apocalypse, carry

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Drawings towards projected Orwell memorial (1983 for 1984) by one of our 'strangest and most powerful sculptors', Michael Sandle

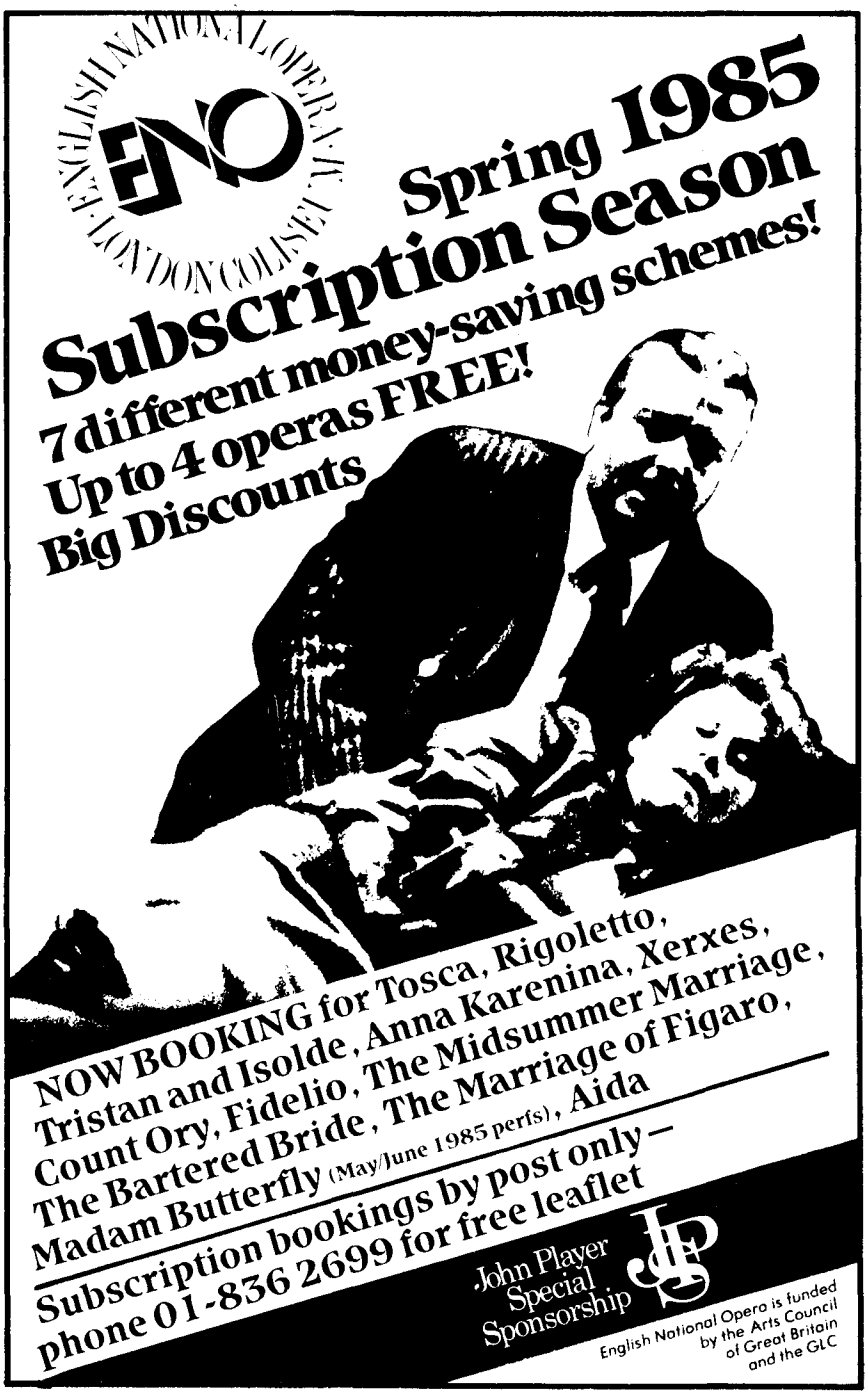
Sandle's themes to a new level of intensity. But wild as their subjects are, it is again the formal precision of the draughtsmanship, the bold clarity of line and the wonderful variety of the tonal washes that leave these images traced indelibly on the mind. They are like anatomical drawings of chaos. The show as a whole is inappropriately called **Geometry of Rage**. Neither of the other two artists included with Sandle — Deanna Petherbridge and Denis Masi — suggests rage, any more than he does. Petherbridge's fastidious line drawings of impossible perspectives and collapsing architecture and technology are, like Sandle's, images of disorder and violent purposelessness, but the emotion is similarly distanced by the artist's formal skill.

Denis Masi contributes an installation featuring stuffed rats with mirrors and lights and another which is a kind of museum display of the dug-up skeleton of a monster, but his imagination seems rather schoolboyish and his pieces are far too neatly arranged to carry any tincture of rage.

Thérèse Oulton and **Chris Baker** are newcomers to the West End galleries and both products of the Royal College of Art. Oulton only left it last year, but her first one-woman show at Gimpel is almost entirely sold out; Baker is nine years older and made an impressive debut at the Warwick Arts Trust two years ago. Oulton is at first sight an out-and-out romantic landscapist, direct heir with her rocky gorges, dark caverns, waterfalls, dizzy flights of stairs and lurid lighting effects to Turner and John Martin. But there are harps and snakes as well as ladders concealed in her thickly painted depths and there is a series of smaller paintings simply called 'The Passions'. These landscapes are pure fiction, dreams and metaphors of emotional adventure.

Baker's feelings are more obliquely expressed and much more difficult to pin down. He works mainly in subtle shades of white, grey, black and brown, occasionally bursting into flashes of orange, pink or blue like the light playing over a winter landscape. Within a strongly constructed framework he manipulates space and depth, texture and atmosphere, light and shadow and fleetingly recognisable images with a rapid dexterity which belies the apparent calmness and coolness of the whole. The paintings are puzzling and satisfying at the same time, for while your eye roves round trying to make mental sense of them, it is constantly diverted by original and unexpected effects which make the act of looking and the feelings it engages more urgent than any quick solution.

A Tate Gallery which honours Morley and narrowly avoided honouring the flimsy whimsies of Gilbert and George, but does not possess a single work by any of these four outstanding artists — Sandle, Baker, Oulton and Petherbridge — is a Tate Gallery which had better stick to the art of the past. □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FILMS

Passing strange

John Coleman

The Hotel New Hampshire (18)
Gate, Bloomsbury; Cinecenta; Odeon, Kensington
L'Amour par Terre (15)
The Arts, Classic, Chelsea; The Heath, Classic, Hampstead
Success is the Best Revenge (15)
Everyman, from 24 November

'KEEP PASSING the open windows' is a recurring refrain in Tony Richardson's **The Hotel New Hampshire**, scripted and directed by him from John Irving's long, acclaimed novel; and *that*, if we take the screen-frame as an analogy, is what we do, at quite breakneck speed. As in Irving's *The World According to Garp*, death, dreaming, farce and the family are staple elements in an olio of eccentric savour and colossal sententiousness. Irving never uses one metaphor for Life, and how one gets through it, when there are dozens lying around to be exploited; tone and technique constantly shift; those open windows reveal something like a crazy succession of circus acts, interrupted by violence, accidents, clowns who are really assassins.

An abundant use of voice-over, flashback, speeded motion and the odd fantasy sequence are devices in an extravaganza which is often, but not as often as it seems to imagine, very funny. Win Berry (Beau Bridges, looking suitably bemused throughout) is feckless father to a brood with hints of Salinger: gay — if cheerless — Frank (Paul McCrane), incestuous John (pretty Rob Lowe) and Franny (marvellous Jodie Foster, playing foul-mouthed and brittle), dwarfish Lilly (Jennie Dundas) and little boy Egg (Seth Green). Egg is called Egg 'because he began as an egg and he's still an egg', which is a fair sample of one stratum of the dialogue. The family's fortunes are followed from the summer of 1939, when Win meets his wife-to-be while working at a seaside hotel, to a point where Jodie has married her faithful black boyfriend, tiny Lilly has written a bestseller and killed herself when the follow-up flopped, and John has persuaded Susie — who wears a bearskin because she feels ugly and is padded through, naturally, by Nastassja Kinski — to doff it for love and life. Everyone is resuscitated for a fairy-tale finale, to disport themselves and cavort in white before that original marine hotel.

A dishevelled character, Freud (Wallace Shawn), returns to his Austrian home early on and, when Win's hotel of the title — a converted girls' school — has failed, grandpa has died of a heart attack when a stuffed dog named Sorrow pops from a cupboard, Franny's been raped by a school thug she rather fancies, and so on, why, then, years later, what's left of the family (mother and Egg fly in a separate plane, which explodes) migrates to take over a now aged and blinded Freud's Gasthaus in Vienna. Whores and terrorists form its clientèle: Susie the Bear is Freud's assistant. As absurdist tragi-comedy, a little of this goes a long way and we get a lot of it. For what it is worth, the piece is generally well cast and performed; Franny in particular has a nice line in sardonic quips; before being stuffed, old Sorrow farts with engaging frequency. Bits are memorable: the merry, prolonged, one-off bedding of Franny and brother John; Lilly's suicide leap from an empty ballroom with windblown curtains. But Freud provides the film's epitaph. 'It's hard work and great art not to make life serious.' Great art this is far from.

Jacques Rivette's **L'Amour par Terre** (opening at a couple of multiple-screen Classics which propose to devote one of their auditoria each to 'art'-movies from now on) has strong affinities with his relatively accessible *Céline and Julie Go Boating*. The girls here are Geraldine Chaplin and Jane Birkin, fringe-actresses living in Paris, first discovered wambling through a morsel of sex-triangle farce — with the help of actor-friend Facundo Bo — in their own flat, for a hushed audience of paying eavesdroppers. Among the watchers is Jean-Pierre Kalfon as the sinister playwright whose work they are mangling. He invites them to his weirdly decorated big country house, to rehearse for a week, and then perform once, a play that still lacks an ending. A magician and genuine mind-reader, done with charm by André Dussollier, and a gentle manservant (László Szabó) who loathes his master complicate a typically Rivette scenario, where untranslatable puns proliferate — the title may well refer to a statue of Cupid that drunken Chaplin breaks — and reality fuses with hallucinations. Sharply funny when least expected, compelling, and profoundly irritating.

Similar epithets apply to **Success is the Best Revenge**, directed by maverick Jerzy Skolimowski, written by him with Michael Lyndon. Michael York is emigré Polish director of 'happenings', Alex Rodak, short of funds but intent on a multi-media event to be viewed from London Transport buses. His other obsession is football, which has several functions in the film: Poland beating England, it's asserted, made insular us aware that Poles existed; TV snatches from the match figure in his final spectacle, along with crowds of exiled Poles and riot police; Rodak's own ineptness at the game further encourages his elder, schoolboy son (played by Lyndon, Skolimowski's son: the director's wife and younger boy appear as the rest of Rodak's London-based family) to fly back to his homeland. John Hurt and Anouk Aimée crop up bafflingly in this angry, here and there quite brilliant enigma. Both this and the Rivette are in the just-begun 28th London Film Festival, which runs to 2 December: 140 movies, with surely something to suit all tastes. Its enterprising director, Derek Malcolm, has manifested its openness to the general public by spreading it over eight different cinemas. □

Bear hug for Jodie from Nastassja

THEATRE

On the warpath

Benedict Nightingale

Mother Courage
BRECHT *Barbican*
Breaking the Silence
STEPHEN POLIAKOFF *Pit*

BRECHT ONCE compared the wars of **Mother Courage** to a forcefield that inexorably altered whatever ventured inside it: 'every method of calculation at an individual's disposal which is drawn from experience of peace fails; boldness is no good, caution is no good, trickery is no good, honesty is no good, nor brutality, nor sympathy, everything brings destruction.' Certainly, John Napier's set at the Barbican looks like something cobbled together in the lab by some wild-eyed scientist determined to put this strange new law of physics to the test.

Above is a giant black cog and below what would appear to be a rickety weather-vane. This is the centre of a long rod, at one end of which is something halfway between an old-fashioned invalid carriage and a pair of supermarket trolleys, at the other Mother Courage's caravan-canteen. Imagine three or four privies nailed together, or maybe a collage of rough-hewn coffins, mentally add an incongruously cute little chimney, and you'll have some sense of what Napier supposes mobile homes to have looked like in the 17th century.

If he were to transport the whole structure to the Tate, it would, I'm sure, attract plenty of admiring eyes; but it is, of course, more purposeful than that. Round and round the stage it trundles and creaks, demonstrating another of Brecht's physical principles as it goes: that war can convert straight lines to obsessive little circles. The further Mother Courage travels, the more she stays in the same place. There's something magnetic about the centre of that force-field, trapping her and systematically perverting what's best about her.

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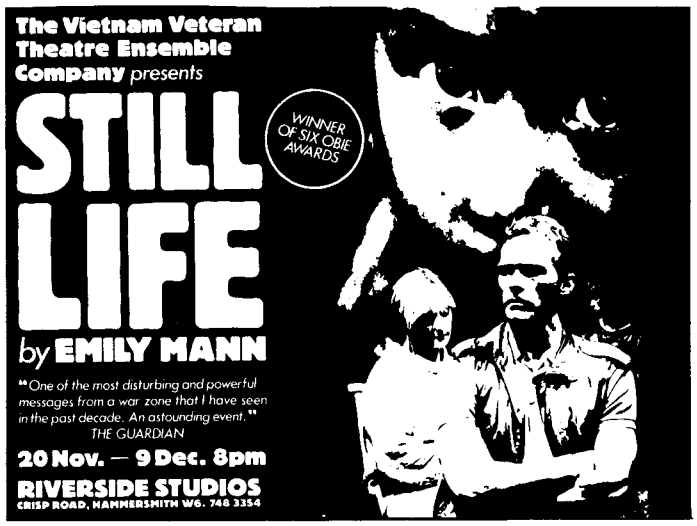
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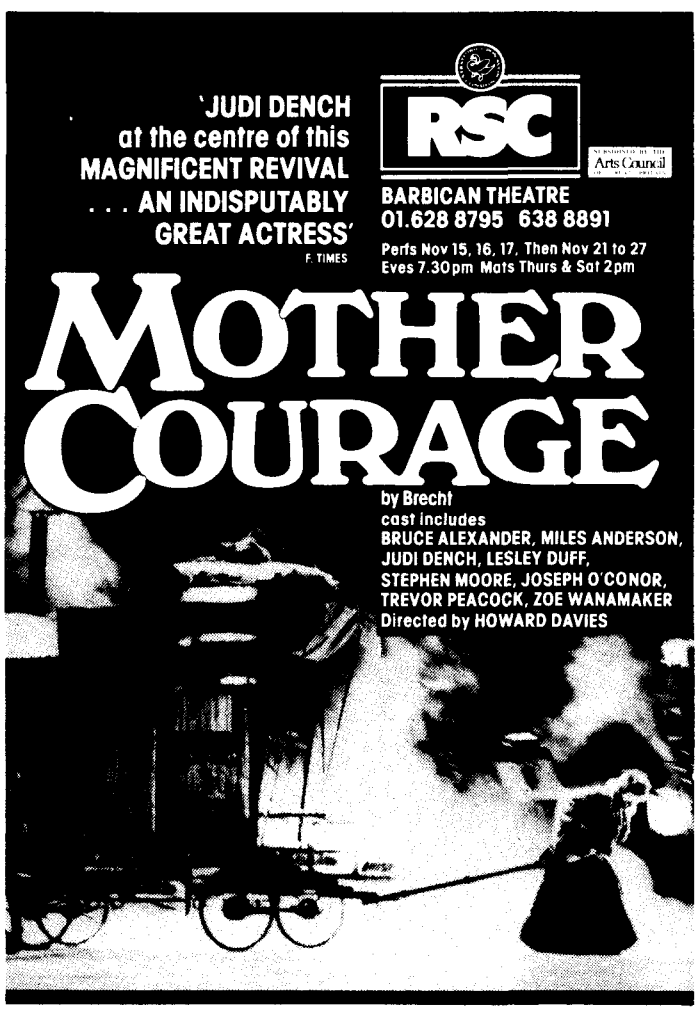
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The magnet is the chance of gain; what it perverts is her maternal instinct. The irony is that it's that very instinct which has brought about this self-destructive quest. The play's full title is *Mother Courage and Her Children* and its protagonist ranges the battlegrounds of Europe, a vulture with a fine nose for carrion, largely because she has fledgelings she loves and wants to support. But she can't see that motherhood and war profiteering won't be reconciled, not there, not with the cannons blasting off round her. When his enemies capture the younger and sweeter of her two boys, she spends so much time haggling over the bribe necessary to free him that he's sentenced and summarily shot. By the play's end, her daughter and her other son are dead, too, victims of her inability to draw the obvious conclusion: that the right thing to do with war is to stay away from it.

That's hardly a very adequate response to the events of 1939-40, when Brecht wrote *Mother Courage;* but then it wasn't meant to be. The play was conceived as a reproachful warning to those parts of Scandinavia which hoped to stay neutral and make money from the war. Mother Courage herself variously represents geopolitical opportunism, the capitalist ethic and petty-bourgeois greed. But that doesn't of course explain why she and her play have persistently demonstrated their hold even over those resistant to Brechtian philosophy and Brechtian didacticism. To them, and maybe to more than them, she's also a modern tragic heroine, or, at least, an archetype of suffering, enduring humanity.

That interpretation was by no means to the liking of Brecht himself, who thought he'd presented his audiences with a piece of cool social analysis. In fact, he eventually rewrote the play to make Mother Courage less sympathetic, transforming her (for instance) from a willing into a very grudging donor of the officers' shirts that are used to provide bandages for the wounded after Magdeburg. Unless my eyes and ears are on the blink, it's this second version that Hanif Kureishi has translated so idiomatically and Howard Davies directed so astringently for the RSC. Their Mother Courage even uses a piece of business introduced in 1949 by Helen Weigel, alias Frau Brecht, when she paid the peasants to bury her dead daughter. She stops, thinks, takes back one of the proferred coins, the calculating businesswoman to the last.

The Courage in question is Judi Dench, as emotionally generous an actress as our theatre possesses, but here conscientiously seated on the lid of her own abundance. At her moment of maximum stress, when she must pretend that the bleeding corpse before her isn't her own son, she's more self-denying even than Weigel, who gaped like the stricken horse in Picasso's 'Guernica' after turning fake-detachedly away. All Miss Dench does is bend forward until her face is invisible, only the speed with which she shakes her head and a slight shudder of the body suggesting she feels anything at all. Hers is a tough, smart Courage, a combative pout on her dough-face, a roughly chopped frizz of bright red hair above it, a flat, dull noise emerging from somewhere inside it. Scuttling across the stage, she might be a cockroach; standing there, ducking and weaving as if sparring, she could almost be a frowsy, overage punk.

Is the effect the one presumably intended, to 'alienate' us from Mother Courage? No, not altogether. I have to confess that the lump I keep at the back of my throat wasn't absolutely unchurned when this tiny, battling woman finally plodded off to yet another war-zone with her cart, there to seek the elder son we, but not she, know to have been killed. But then I've never believed that Brecht's aims are always and invariably at odds with those of a more traditional style of play. To put it crudely, the 'illusionist' drama he rejected can sometimes leave you thinking as well as feeling and his own 'epic' work leave you feeling as well as thinking. Those two after-effects certainly aren't incompatible at the Barbican. In fact, the dour and gritty passion of Davies's splendid production leaves me without breath or space for the RSC's other offering, **Breaking the Silence**, a strange tale from the Poliakoff family archives which the combined talents of Daniel Massey, Gemma Jones and Juliet Stevenson haven't been able to transform into a plausible fiction. Maybe some things are just too factual to be true. □

JAZZ

Playing so heavy

Charles Fox

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A SURVEY conducted in the United States as recently as 1978 discovered that the flute was regarded as the most feminine of instruments, closely followed by violin and clarinet. Drums, trumpet and trombone were the masculine counterparts. Which will come as a surprise to Annie Whitehead, once a sidewoman in Ivy Benson's Orchestra, nowadays deeply involved in Britain's dance-jazz boom, for she blows her trombone with the kind of audacity — and imagination — once associated with such macho soloists as J.C. Higginbotham and Roswell Rudd.

As a recent arrival on the scene, Annie Whitehead does not get listed in **Stormy Weather**, a book that sets out to mention every woman who has played in or sung with a dance or jazz band. It even justifies its subtitle by finding a pre-jazz heroine in the vaguely named Mama Lou ('a gnarled, black African') who worked during the 1880s at Babe Connor's, a celebrated St Louis brothel, and who popularised — and may even have written — both 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ray' and 'A hot time in the Old Town tonight'.

Singers, however, had the least trouble in finding a role within the male-dominated world of entertainment. And not just outstanding performers such as Bessie Smith or Billie Holiday, but the girls ('fem chirps' was *Variety*'s glib tag for them) who, from the 1930s onward, sang pop songs with big bands — earning less than the musicians. But for women instrumentalists, life could seem more difficult.

Linda Dahl prints conjectures that the marching bands of New Orleans once had women in their ranks. Certainly women played jazz on trumpets and trombones before Melba Liston joined Dizzy Gillespie's trombone team in 1949 and Billie Rogers became one of Woody Herman's trumpeters. Dolly Jones, for instance, was active in Chicago during the 1920s, playing trumpet with, among other groups, an early all-girl trio, Three Classy Misses. And Valaida Snow, destined to become even more renowned in Europe than in her homeland. A surprise is discovering how many famous males started off in family bands. Oscar Pettiford's father ruled over an ensemble that included his wife and their eleven children. And there is a photograph of what looks like a preteen Lester Young with his mother, sister and two cousins, all of them playing saxophones. Even Buster Keaton's mother, Myra, is alleged to be the first white woman in America to play the saxophone professionally.

By and large, though, the jazz fraternity used to be just that. A few women — the Chicago bass player Themla Terry, Cab Calloway's sister Blanche — led male bands. Others checkmated the system by organising all-female groups, notably Ina Ray Hutton's Melodears and, until after World War II, the International Sweethearts of Rhythm, which originally got going at a school for poor and orphaned children in Mississippi.

The book's value tends to lie in information and background of that sort rather than musical assessment. Even so, Mary Lou Williams emerges as the most gifted of earlier women pianists and composers. Hard-line feminists may be put out by her statement that one reason her audiences in the 1920s screamed and carried on was because 'they saw a woman that weighed about ninety pounds playing so heavy, like a man'. But femininity of the more languishing sort never surfaced in her work, any more than it does today in that of the guitarist Emily Remler or the saxophonist Barbara Thompson, both taken for granted by male colleagues.

Valaida operated in decades when showmanship was essential. Her singing was vivacious, especially on the pre-war tracks of **Hot Show**; much more individual, in fact, than her trumpet playing, a period blend of Armstrong and Red Allen. **The Guest Stars** reflect their epoch, too, possessing much more identity now than when they were last reviewed in these columns. Deirdre Cartwright remains an adventurous guitarist, Josefina Cupido an exciting drummer and singer.

The Guest Stars appear at Ronnie Scott's Club next Tuesday. After that they perambulate around Britain taking in venues as diverse as the Bridgwater Arts Centre (12 Dec.) and Manchester's Band On The Wall (6 Dec.). At the Shaw Theatre, Euston Road, Annie Whitehead's Band can be seen on 24 November, Ivy Benson's on 25 November, part of a weekend devoted to women entertainers. Any day now Buddy Rich may renege on his arrogant dictum: 'I would never hire a chick for my band'. □

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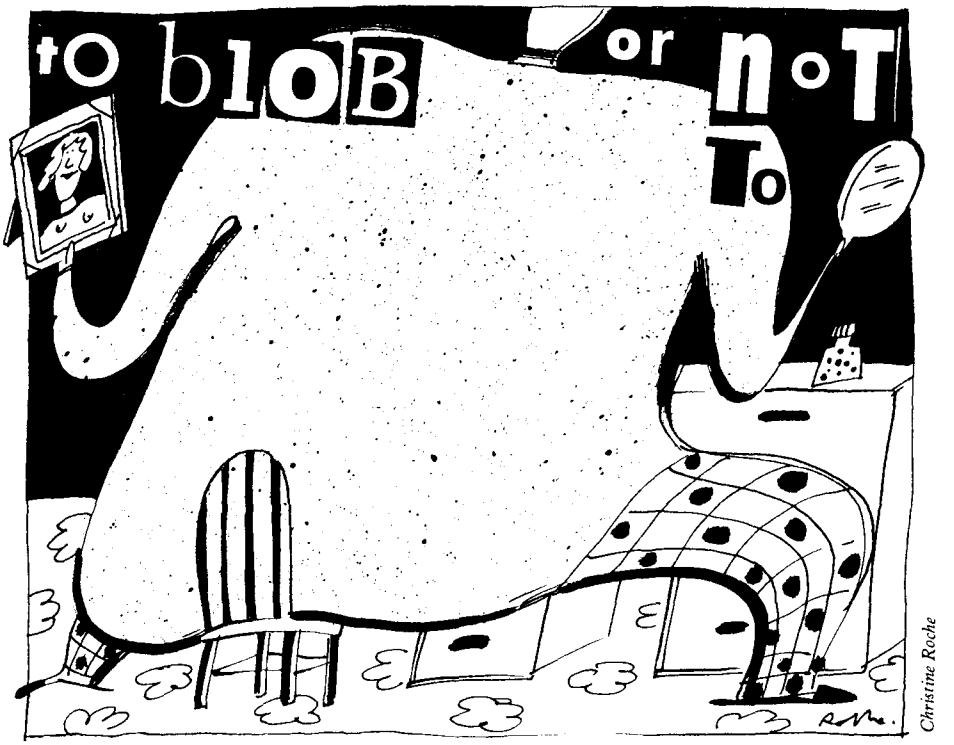
The blob

Michael Rosen



Christine Roche

I DON'T HAVE something that most of you have. Is it happiness? Is it a clean shirt? No, it's a thyroid gland. You see, my anti-bodies ate it. There, swimming around my blood stream were these gangs of anti-bodies (what a great name for a group — The Anti-Bodies). Most of the time they were quite happy gobbling up bits of pneumonia — 'Hey over here, you folks, streptococci.'

Then, one day, my anti-bodies made some kind of mistake. 'Hey folks, look at this thyroid thing.' (They gather round.) 'Smells good,' says one. 'Feels good,' says another. (They try a bit.) 'Tastes good.' 'Come and get it. COME AND GET IT.' And next thing it was gobble gobble gobble — no thyroid.

None of which would matter very much except the thyroid seems kind of important. Put it this way, if you lose one, strange things happen. Your skin turns to sand-paper. Your ankles, face and fingers turn into barrage balloons, your voice starts to sound like Orson Welles with a cold, your hair turns into steel wool and if you move your arms or legs very fast they go into a state of deep-freeze. Any of which, you might think, would send you screaming (if you could scream) to the doctors. But what if these things creep up on you slowly over ten years? You have a very slow decline towards becoming The Blob.

People who haven't seen you for some time mutter things behind your back like: 'Mike's slowed down a bit, hasn't he?' (meaning he sleeps 16 hours a day and takes two hours to hang out two pair of pants and a shirt on the washing line). And the cold, God, do you feel cold. When we moved into the unconverted, unheated house in the winter of '76 (snow from December to April) I used to go to bed wearing thermal underwear, string vest, cashmere shirt, thermal long johns, socks and hat. Wildy erotic. But I did nothing about it.

Then they found out. The docs. There I was sitting in front of the kidney expert at Barts (the GP had got the wrong organ), and he's telling me that I'm 'hypothyroid'. In came the registrar. Great excitement. 'We've got one here all right.' In came the students. 'So what's he got?' They crowd round. They haven't got a clue. One of them gets behind my ear pretending to scrutinise my skull. 'What you got?' he whispers. 'Not saying,' I said.

Two weeks later, I was back to see the results of the blood test with Dr Gesundheit. (Cross my heart, this was his name.) 'Where did you get a name like that?' I said. 'With my genes,' he said. 'You should be in a stupor,' he told me. Not only had the anti-bodies gobbled the thyroid they had died of starvation when they had run out of the stuff.

So then came the exciting bit. Over the next year, I shed the chrysalis. Nearest and dearest (and not so dear and near) had to witness The Blob turning into some kind of over-revved machine. All the symptoms went — the Orson Welles voice, the sand-paper skin, the barrage balloons — all gone. I am now what I was supposed to be . . . hang on. So what was I, when I wasn't me? That was 11 years of my life telling myself there were things I couldn't do, like whisking an egg. For the first year after the 'cure' I went around trying to remember what I was before I was The Blob. I was Rip Van Winkle with the male menopause.

In theory, I shouldn't have been able to contribute to the process of having children, either. The gonads are supposed to give up as well. But there are two healthy children whom I tease with: 'Quick, I can't find my pills. I'm turning into The Blob. Where are they? (I go into slow motion) 'IIII'mmm tuuuurniiing iinnnttttooooooo theeee Blooooooooob.' 'Here they are, dad. Quick, quick take them.'

Of course, the freakiest experience has been for the nearest and dearest, who knew me only from the time I was a SemiBlob. The thing that came out of the chrysalis wasn't quite what she had bought. The Blob was a dead loss. (Friends are reminded of the holiday in Wales where I spent two weeks clutching the range.) But this new thing jumping around shouting? No, thank you. At particularly loud moments, she says, 'I'll take your pills away.' The vote seemed to be 'Come back Blob.' In fact we've come to some sort of agreement here . . . but what perfect grounds for divorce: 'I married The Blob m'lud and it turned into St Vitus.'

The real problem arises when I go into schools on visits. There, beaming out from the back of my books and on the video of the Schools TV programme I made, is The Blob. 'You don't look nothing like that,' the children say. So all poetry reading (my job) stops and out comes the case history. Teachers jaws drop. Children rush round feeling their Adam's apples. Four girls at the back do their impression of The Blob, six five-year-olds go about like crazy anti-bodies and someone is hunting for pills in slow motion. I ought to write about this some time, I think. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Other lives

WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING out there in the kitchen you can be sure there's something more interesting going on on TV. TV is the party you haven't been invited to, don't have to go to, but can still watch through a window, picking your nose and drinking Horlicks. TV looks like someone else's life and is therefore safe to be lived to the full. The only thing is, your own life needs a PR man just to keep it abreast of all the fascination of your telly-life. Not only that, but you seem to be on the side of your telly most of the time, looking back on your life with a kind of disdain, so that it goes into decline, knowing it is nothing without you. For Americans this doesn't matter, because their TV is a highly favourable version of their life. Here it produces the cafard:

> Don't care whether it's happy or sad
> Don't give a damn if it's good or bad
> I sit and watch it till it drives me mad
> So long as it's on I'm glad.
>
> (*Television*, Dave Edmunds)

When I was young I didn't like TV because there was nothing on except *The Cisco Kid*. I was free. Free to be Cisco! Now people my age have got their hands on the transmitters I love everything. I love all the programmes about the Fifties and the Sixties and the war and all the AOR shows and all the family homes full of arguments and furniture and all the MOR TV- and film- and book-chat shows with Norman Mailer and Christopher Biggins and all the documentaries about my childhood on an imaginary farm: I push the button and I choose

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my decade. Here come the good old days again, up-dated: a form of the past that was never present but is always with us, roughly coffin-shaped.

Dave Edmunds, 40, has another song, an Everly Brothers pastiche, called 'Here Comes the Weekend'. Remember weekends? I don't have weekends. I have TV, a kind of passive, nightly, sitting-down weekend for hippies, daddies and foetal-regressives. It would be hard to imagine two films more perfectly in tune with this lifestyle than the two offered recently by **Arena** (BBC-2) on Billie Holiday and the Everly Brothers. Here was the very essence of being forty: not dancing and miming to 'Wake Up Little Susie', but sitting down watching a programme about how the Everlys split up about 12 years ago, got back together again recently but didn't sound quite the same somehow, but still, business is booming so why worry?

'I always thought the Sixties were phoney,' said Don Everly. 'I didn't think the music was that revolutionary. If you didn't do certain things you were square. I got stoned. I did everything. I said, Hey, I must be missing out on something here.' The passing of the beat crown to England in the early Sixties still rankled on Don: 'People told us the Beatles sounded like us, I don't know . . .' He looked as if he knew very well. Don is the darker, older one, with greasier hair, who sings the low parts, stands higher up in photographs and used to be marginally better looking. He is now unrecognisable: the sexy slit-eyes embedded in pouches of fat, the girth gone stale. Phil is unchanged. He says nothing.

To write an article about a documentary about the life of a singer who died of drugs must be the ultimate game of Chinese whispers. Watching the many bits of film of Billie Holiday singing in *The Long Night of Lady Day* I kept jotting down memorable phrases from the lyrics, only to find on re-reading them that the magic had been left behind in her delivery of them, or longer ago than that, in her own terrible past. One night, when she was only six, she woke up to find the arms of her dead grandmother locked around her neck. Not many years later she was raped by a 40-year-old relative. She got the blame for it and was sent to a corrective convent where she was locked in a cell with a dead girl in a coffin.

She ran away and listened to jazz in the brothels of Baltimore, then, still in her early teens, went to work in one in Harlem. There is film of her aged 19, already singing 'Love for Sale'. (Later she was to sing the original words to 'Careless Love': 'Loveless Love'.) She learnt to turn the songs round so many ways from singing tables in speakeasies during the Prohibition. They didn't have any sound systems, so every table she came to she'd sing it differently, to relieve the monotony.

John Jeremy's sensitive compilation is full of such insights. Its tone is tragic and elegiac, but in the end I was left with the feeling that it was my own life that was pitiful by comparison with a life lived so near the edge and against all odds, the triumph of the spirit over the wasteland of junk and junk culture: 'And yet the heart always drew back from the power of her will and its engagement with disaster.' Elizabeth Hardwick on Billie Holiday in *Sleepless Nights* (Virago). □

Naseem Khan
Art failure

WHAT comfort for the arts from the packed open meeting held last week to consider their future? All the principals were there: the Arts Council in the body of its regional director, David Pratley, with the brave air of a noose-salesman given the job of persuading people that his product was good for them; the regional arts associations, with East Midlands' sharp-witted director, Anthony Everett; the metropolitan authorities with Anthony Goldstone from threatened Manchester; Maureen Duffy, statutory artist and woman, as she caustically noted; and the great executioner Lord Gowrie himself, together with Norman Buchan, Labour's spokesman on the arts. All this, with the skilful chairmanship of Melvyn Bragg, and surely some answers should be forthcoming to questions on the troubled state of arts funding.

Answers are certainly needed. The situation at present is like being at a badly-staffed and underlit railway junction. We are told that certain trains are imminent. Notices announce the closure of other lines. But nowhere can we find a porter or official brave or confident enough to give us any information about our journey.

It is of course not a matter of Arts Council changes alone, even though the steps outlined in *The Glory of the Garden*, with its shift of emphasis to the regions, are considered the most far reaching of the Council's thirty-eight years of life. The uncertainty is increased by the threatened abolition of the GLC, and five other metropolitan authorities, which would remove a major patron of the arts, while local authorities, beset by cutbacks and future rate-capping, will find it increasingly hard to pick up any further arts bills, or indeed, in some cases, to maintain those it meets at present. These changes create a landscape in which a range of economic boltholes have been closed for all but the fleetest. The prospect of a cold winter and beyond filled Manchester's Royal Exchange Theatre last week for a public debate on these matters organised by North West Arts and called, wittily, 'Haughty Culture'.

The concern was, it was admitted, justified. 'The new climate,' said Pratley with commendable straightness, 'will not be a healthy one.' Neither he nor Lord Gowrie saw a future where much would change. 'The time has come when [clients] must look less to the Arts Council as their banker of last resort, and more to their own resources.' (Pratley) 'For the rest of the century public funds will be under restraint, whoever is in office.' (Gowrie).

There are two main areas of concern. Firstly there is debate over the amount of money available in the future. The government is supplying £34 m. to make up for the vanishing metropolitan spending on the arts. This is £4 m. less than their own estimates of metropolitan spending. (Some will argue the sum is greater than that.) The shortfall, says Lord Gowrie, is 'peanuts' and could easily be found by local authorities. As to extra money for growth, yes, he agreed, that was needed; but it must come not from government but from the business sponsorship that had already increased significantly. It was a measured view that found few takers. Indeed, other problems were envisaged. Where was the money to come from for the regional swing? asked Anthony Everett pertinently. The amount originally budgetted had already got eroded since *The Glory of the Garden* had come out. And if the first phase was to be — tenuously — financed through cutting clients, what of future phases?

Whichever way you looked at it, there was no escaping the conclusion that there will be less money. Less money for whom? That is the second concern. The official view is that the canny arts projects could manage to diversify their sources of funding, survive and indeed even gain from the freedom from 'Arts Council apron strings'. But, as a question from Manchester Trades Council and others pointed out, some work was hampered in the journey to this promised land: without the clout in local authority terms, without the safeness and prestige for business sponsorship and the business incentive schemes, without the emphasis on box office returns to respond to the hint that higher takings could lead to higher grants. The smaller, more adventurous groups were at risk — community groups, ethnic arts groups, hospital art, those dealing with disability, new work, work that didn't have the administration to search out new funding or enough money to buy skills in.

Many of the organisations were surely the very ones, working as they did with non-arts audiences, that were in the front line of the Arts Council objective of 'broadening access to the arts'? If they were, their service was not appreciated, to go by the case of Mikron Theatre, their grant cut even though they'd been told their artistic and administrative standards were excellent. Pratley could only speculate they'd been strategically cut, so that others could grow. After all, he said, it can no longer be assumed that a grant means a grant for life. Both Bragg and Buchan instantly pointed out that there were some companies, London-based largely, who indeed appeared to have a freehold on grants. Could there be double standards at work?

'Ideology,' said Lord Gowrie firmly, 'is simply the icing you put on the cake of arithmetic' and 'the laws of gravity and arithmetic are what run the human race, and not the laws of wishful thinking.' Undoubtedly Lord Beeching said much the same when he wielded his axe over the British railway system. The result of the triple pressures on the arts is likely to be much the same — a diminution of product, a loss of all but the major and the mainstream and a less rich future. Audiences at last week's meeting, that grew increasingly sharp in tone as the day drew on, had no doubts that they were being given cold comfort. Whether this divisive policy is called icing or arithmetic makes little difference. □

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Weekend competition

No 2848 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Current ephemera are often enclosed in element-proof containers to leave posterity an everyday picture of the times. Snippets of topical smalltalk aren't usually included, but readers might care to provide some archetypal contemporary chitchat (max. 150 words of dialogue) which would give our descendants an idea of 1984. By 28 November, please.

No 2845 **Set by Gordon Knott**

Novels' opening sentences re-written to drive the story into a cul-de-sac.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

Thick and fast, thick and fast: entire forests annihilated for you to demonstrate your literacy and wit. Didn't you stop to think that there might be people who suffer from *paper* allergy? No, of course, you weren't to know (even my doctor isn't quite convinced: she thinks that it *could* just be typewriter ink), but it might have helped if you'd paused a moment, before doing anything whatsoever with the opening sentence of *Anna Karenina*, to contemplate how many of your fellows might have had the same brilliant idea. (Only George Simmers need then have felt the urge to proceed.) Less predictable, perhaps, was the frequency with which plump Buck Mulligan used that razor to cut his throat, the *Nellie* swung to her anchor and sank and Oblomov leapt out of bed: it brings on a fit of sneezing and scratching just to think about it. Even those entries printed below (three pounds per piece to the authors — even, reluctantly, those who display a quite unwarranted cruelty to animals) were often only the sharpest tip of an iceberg.

For a long time I used to go to bed early — at least I *think* I did, for with the well-nigh total amnesia that blankets every moment of my life between six and sixty, it is difficult for me to be certain of anything. (*A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*)

Once upon a time there were four little rabbits — Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail and Peter — and very delicious they were too. (*The Tale of Peter Rabbit*)

ROBIN RAVENSBOURNE

The first place that I remember was a large, pleasant abbatoir. (*Black Beauty*)

Here is Edward Bear, coming downstairs now, bump, bump, bump, on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin who's decided it's only middle-class pansies who get soft about inanimate creatures and isn't it about time he threw him out anyway? (*Winnie-The-Pooh*)

In the latter days of July in the year 185-, a most important question was for ten days hourly asked in the cathedral city of Barchester, and answered in various ways — Does anyone give a toss who's going to be the new Bishop? (*Barchester Towers*)

Mother is fit and well today. (*The Outsider*)

TIM HOPKINS

All happy families are alike, and every unhappy one should be able to snap out of it without any of this nonsense about emotional subtleties. (*Anna Karenina*)

GEORGE SIMMERS

Call me Jonah. (*Moby Dick*)

PETER ALEXANDER

Ours is essentially a tragic age, but you have to laugh, don't you? (*Lady Chatterly's Lover*)

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Ours is essentially a tragic age, but we refuse to take it lying down. (*Lady Chatterly's Lover*)

KATIE MALLETT

Alice was getting very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to shoot with her trusty rabbit gun. (*Alice in Wonderland*)

VICKI RAYMOND

It was the best of times and the French peasants had never had it so good. (*A Tale of Two Cities*)

1801 — I have just returned from a visit to my landlord and what a raver Mr Heathcliff turned out to be. (*Wuthering Heights*)

SCRYFA TOLCARNE

Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins: my son, my soul. (*Lolita*)

WILL BELLENGER

On Friday morning, July the twentieth, 1714, an official noticed a flaw in the structure of the finest bridge in all Peru and it was closed to traffic. (*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*)

CAROLYN BECKINGHAM

On a very hot evening at the beginning of July, a young man left his little room at the top of a house in Carpenter Lane , went out into the street and strode off to collect the first prize in the Petersburg million rouble lottery. (*Crime and Punishment*)

M. & G.J. SMITH

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted upon a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep and slept like a log all night. (*Pilgrim's Progress*)

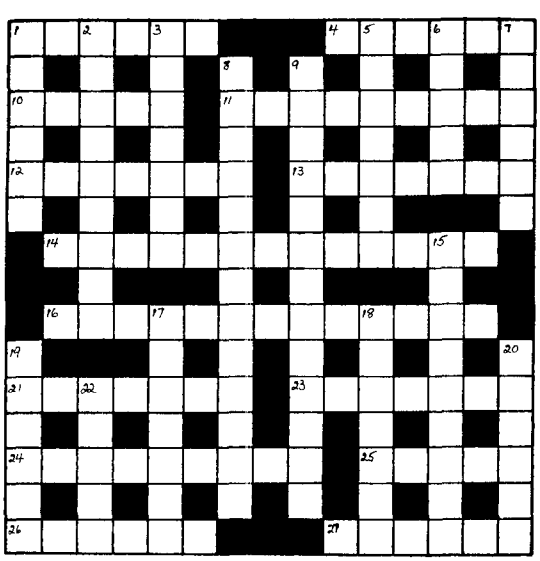
YVONNE REED

'No, of course not, even if it *is* fine tomorrow,' said Mrs Ramsay. (*To the Lighthouse*)

DEBORAH LYE

Weekend Crossword 1460

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1460, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 27 November.



ACROSS

1. Bumper numbers (6)
4. Seats with a high middle (6)
10. Started to live with what may end life (5)
11. Broadcaster puts a girl right about his weight (9)
12. Castle where fighting flares up? (7)
13. A gentleman makes Hilda change and leave (7)
14. These clients love mixing the food (7,6)
16. Both rebelling in turn for seaside girl (8,5)
21. Writer who makes a point in a rambling sermon (7)
23. Dangerous crossing for a star? (7)
24. Just the kind of crook to shoot a policeman (9)
25. State in which adult enters place of work (5)
26. The river would be different if there were no river (6)
27. Hitler's men were without quarters for rogues (6)

DOWN

1. Joints affected by movement of the bowels (6)
2. Joker who appears in wig and garter (9)
3. Cartoonist who portrayed something of the PM with a broken line (7)
5. Roll along, but finish making a score before old age is up (7)
6. Call nothing wrong which comes from this neighbourhood (5)
7. A commoner among the opposition gets up to make a speech (6)
8. Where one has to be sober after nightfall (4,9)
9. Not carry on the confused corroboration of denial (2,3,8)
15. Miss turns and holds a doll up as an example of reasoning (9)
17. Rudely greet us, making a sign (7)
18. Confined to a certain area, mice get free at the finish (7)
19. Poor fellow has something to eat in a pub (6)
20. Creatures which increase but do not multiply (6)
22. Man from the southern states (5)

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COUNCIL OF CIVIL SERVICE UNIONS

ASSISTANT SECRETARY VACANCY

Applications are sought for a post of Assistant Secretary of the Council of Civil Service Unions at St Andrews House, 40 Broadway, London SW1H 0BT.

Job Description

The Council of Civil Service Unions is the central negotiating body of the eleven trade unions representing around 600,000 non-industrial civil servants and analogues in fringe bodies. The Council is also the Trade Union Side of the Civil Service National Whitley Council. In addition to its negotiating role, the Council also undertakes such other tasks as may be decided upon by Constituent unions in furthering the interests of their members. The Council is frequently involved in the co-ordination of campaigns and in facilitating press, public and Parliamentary relations. It also publishes a monthly journal "The Bulletin".

The post to be filled is primarily a negotiating one, and the successful candidate will be expected to service Council committees covering specified areas of work, and to co-ordinate and carry out negotiations with the management. The successful candidate may also be called upon to assist in the campaigning functions of the Council, and a flair for press and publicity would be an advantage.

Knowledge of Civil Service employment conditions and of the Civil Service trade union movement is desirable but not essential. Skill in drafting letters, reports and discussion papers is also required. The Assistant Secretary will be a member of a small secretariat team comprising the Secretary, Deputy Secretary, another Assistant Secretary and a research department. Qualities of imagination and initiative, and the ability to develop within the post, will be looked for in the successful candidate.

Conditions

The salary offered for this appointment is in the range £11,782 to £16,383 p.a. (maximum, including London Weighting) and starting salary will be based upon the successful candidate's experience. The post is a period appointment for three years, or, if appropriate, secondment terms could be arranged for a similar period. The post is non-pensionable, but arrangements may be made to preserve any established pension benefits.

Method of Application

Applications, giving full details of relevant experience and qualifications, should be sent to Mr P. D. Jones, Secretary, Council of Civil Service Unions, St Andrews House, 40 Broadway, London SW1H 0BT by NOT LATER THAN **FRIDAY 14 DECEMBER.**

SALTLEY ACTION CENTRE

a Law Centre in Birmingham's inner city, is reviewing its open door advice service.

We are looking for an experienced **ADVICE WORKER** with an interest in service delivery.

As well as helping to run the existing advice service, the job will involve examining our current practice and alternative ways of working, and preparing a report.

This job falls within Section 5(2)(d) of the Race Relations Act 1976; therefore, the Centre wishes to appoint a black worker.

CLOSING DATE: 7 December 1984.

Details and application form: Saltley Action Centre Ltd, 2 Alum Rock Road, Saltley, B8 1JB.

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone **Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.**

EXPERIENCED TUTOR wanted for position in Bolivia to be responsible for the complete academic education of 10 year-old boy. *Beautiful surroundings* and generous salary. Contact L. Bruckmann, 56 Remsen Avenue, Monsey, New York 10952, USA.

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APPOINTMENTS

COPY TYPIST
(Audio an Advantage)

Able to maintain a document reference system, willing to learn to use a word-processor, and sympathetic to our trade union and social policy interests.

Salary: £6,831 to £7,326 (including London Weighting, award pending)

Miss E. R. Smith
01-223 4887/7394
for further information

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARY WITH over twenty years experience with MP/Cabinet Minister and earlier with authors seeks part-time work. Very flexible and lives in central London. Box 9733.

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public talk Sunday 18 Nov. 8 p.m. 'The Ladder of Evolution'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

COURSES

ART STUDY SPAIN — Christmas Programme including Moroccan sketching trip. Complete 'live-in' for beginners & advanced students. Arts & Growth Center, Canillas de Albaida, (Malaga), Spain. Tel. Mary Fee: 01-278 4411 (ext.297).

GURDJIEFF/OUSPENSKY CENTRE ACCEPTING STUDENTS NOW. Tel: Chorley Wood 4792.

FINANCIAL

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EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

GROUPS

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FELLOWSHIP

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
Judith E. Wilson Visiting Fellowship

The Faculty Board of English invite applications for a Judith E. Wilson Visiting Fellowship for the academical year 1985-86. The tenure of the Fellowship will normally be for one or two University terms.

The Fellow will be expected to reside in Cambridge during the appointment and to participate in the work of the Faculty. The Visiting Fellow shall either have had substantial experience in dramatic production, as playwright, director, producer or actor, in theatre, opera, film, radio, or television; or shall be a practising writer in any other literary field.

Further information can be obtained from the **Secretary, Judith E. Wilson Fund, Faculty Board of English, University of Cambridge, 9 West Road, Cambridge, CB3 9DP,** to whom applications, containing a *curriculum vitae* should be sent by **14 December 1984.**

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ATTRACTIVE, DIV. woman, intelligent, tall and slim, 2 children, seeks prof. male, 40 +, for friendship. No MCP's. London/Home Counties preferred. Photo appreciated. Box 9721.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE teacher, (40), seeks lively socialist male company, for skiing holiday Christmas/Easter. Box 9616.

ATTRACTIVE, INDEPENDENT woman, 35, with sense of humour, now wishes to meet warm-hearted, lively, intelligent man for sharing relationship. Interests include literature, art, countryside, visiting Europe. Box 9710.

ATTRACTIVE INSPIRING woman mid 60s, based temporarily in Sussex, seeks middle-aged, professional, humorous, non-smoker, travelled gentleman. Must be fond of the arts for lasting relationship. Box 9716.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, mid forties, divorced, usual interests the arts, seeks friendship & relationship with reasonable, uncomplicated man. NW London. Box 9727.

ATTRACTIVE, WORKING female art-lover, 39, lost and all alone in the swirling Cornish mists, needs interesting, romantic, sincere man, 35-45, for mutual, smokeless rescue. Box 9725.

BILLY, 44, atheist, lovelorn frisky farmer, single, desires friendship/correspondence/meetings with young, frisky lady with initiative, who's itching for some affectionate attention. Among other interests I enjoy, are naturism, dancing, reading, secularism, travel, scuba diving, photography, swimming, biking, walks and camping. N. Ireland/anywhere. Box 9370

COME LIVE, and laugh, with me and be my love. Journalist, 43, seeks nice, stable woman for good and all. Box 9728.

CONTINENTAL, PROFESSIONAL woman, 43, likes books, theatre, films, walking, travel, seeks warm, articulate man, with sense of *humour*, 40-58, *(committed Christian* preferred) for sharing fun and loving relationship. Box 9686.

CREATIVE MALE (53). Gummed to Celtic rocks like lichen, seeks not one, but two menopausal women! Consider, loving me and each other, bucking the system, blunting lifes cutting edge! Box 9717.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DYNAMIC, EMOTIONALLY-honest, socialist, alternative/green, undogmatic, gentle, possibly plump, 25-35, female sought by such a male, 26. South Yorkshire. CV/Mother's photo on request! Box 9689.

ENERGETIC, INTELLIGENT, attractive, bearded, nomadic male, seeks female within 60 miles Leicester, for occasional overnight stops. Age, shape, race unimportant. Box 9688.

FEMALE GRADUATE, 33, many interests, fanatical non-smoker, seeks friends (not lovers), especially based north of the Trent. Box 9695.

FEMININE, SLIM, fastidious, professional lady, needs someone special again in her life, tall, unattached, professional man of integrity, clean shaven, non-smoking, really youthful fifties. Box 9715.

HELLO! WHICH man out there wants to share theatre, arts, wining/dining, classical music, with attractive, professional London woman, mid-40s. Who's willing to chance it? Box 9511.

INDEPENDENT, PROFESSIONAL woman, 39 (with small person in tow), London area, seeks unattached, professional male for conventional companionship, smoker preferred. Phone and identikit please. Box 9711.

INTELLIGENT, CARING, cultured, humorous, leftist, literary, lively man, 40, Asian origins, would like to meet lady with literary interests. All letters answered. Box 9618.

LIVELY, ATTRACTIVE, 35 year-old, left-wing, professional, Jewish woman, whose interests include walking, opera, theatre, seeks similar Jewish man. Serious replies only, please. Box 9712.

LIVELY-MINDED MALE journalist, 30s, unattached, humorous, solvent, isolated by news-desk's anti-social hours (noon-9 p.m. most days), seeks attractive, articulate, affectionate woman in London. Box 9709.

LIVELY WOMAN (33), professional, unattached, wishes to meet sensitive man with sense of humour, for caring relationship. West Yorkshire. Box 9685.

LONDON PROFESSIONAL, centre-right, American, 30, 6' 2", athletic, natural. Seeks intellectual, romantic, sensuous relationship with brainy, refined, vivacious, attractive, slim, non-smoking woman, 22-30. Phone/photo. Box 9684.

LONELY, SHY socialist man, 33, Birmingham, into politics, wandering, travel and especially people, trying to put things back together, seeks female companion for sharing and caring. Box 9665.

LOVING PARTNERSHIP sought by presentable, tallish, divorcee, 53, own home/job — is there a man in his fifties somewhere Home Counties/London? Box 9558.

MALE ACADEMIC (history, social science): athletic, very fit: too long absorbed in research and teaching. Personally warm, intuitive, supportive, humorous, boyish. Also analytical and serious of mind. Seeks attractive, compatible, lithe, sensual female (30-40) with intellectual energy and fascination for people and cultures, for close relationship. Photo welcomed and returned. Box 9690.

MALE GRADUATE, 27, socialist with sense of humour, sincere and considerate. Interests: music, literature, politics, art, countryside. Looking for compatible female for serious relationship, or just to relax with. London/N. Kent. Box 9681.

MALE GRADUATE, 25, tall, slim, non-smoker, interests: theatre, cinema, travel, books etc., seeks slim, intelligent, cheerful young woman. Exchange photos. Box 9724.

MALE GRADUATE, young 35, various interests, armchair socialist, wishes to meet unattached, easy-going, sensitive, intelligent female. Greater Manchester. Box 9682.

MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL black male, 30, attractive, multi-lingual, sense of humour, seeks friendship of intelligent, caring, appealing, broad-minded, witty, unattached lady. Genuine, wide interests. Box 9700.

NURSING SISTER, single, Malay origin, 45, warm, plump, attractive, seeks left-wing male, for permanent, committed relationship and holidays together. Preferably Inner London areas. Box 9687.

ONE OF the few remaining master craftsmen, arguably the best sign & glasswriter in Europe, seeks lover/apprentice-skinny, youngish and a bit artistic. Box 9646.

PLYMOUTH. Pretty, professional lady, 44, interested in travel, people, theatre, reading, *walking, food, wine and having fun, seeks like-*minded, educated gentleman friend. Box 9702.

PROFESSIONAL GIRL, 34, single, slim, brunette, non-political, lost in North Staffordshire, seeks kind, caring, graduate male, non-smoker, similarly placed, for stable relationship. Box 9671.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 50s, 5' 7". Divorced, slim, fit, active and ambitious. London/Surrey. Own house etc., including teeth. Wants slim, attractive, educated, sociable female, who wants to give as well as take, and who loves and wants children, and a humorous, secure, happy sharing life. M/s right write. Photo and phone appreciated. Reply certain. Box 9718.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 43, (successful, independent, companionable), widowed and missing family life, wishes to meet congenial man. Intelligence, humour and good nature appreciated. Box 9694.

ROLE-REVERSAL. University-educated English male, 42, financially independent, seeks homelife and domestic duties as crossdressed companion to broadminded affectionate female, possible business or academic type. London. Box 9698.

SCIENTIST, semi-retired male, 58, divorced. Reasonably healthy appetite for conversation, music, theatre, Yorks Dales and Condor. Seeks lady friend, Manchester area. Box 9729.

SIMPLE, BROAD-MINDED black student, non-smoker, 26, 5' 11" likes writing, reading, politics, current affairs, sports, photography, walking and music, seeks compatible female, 20-30 (friendship etc). Box 9697.

SUSSEX. DIVORCED professional man. Me — 48, tall, lean, fit, pleasant features, sensuous, educated, youthful mind and body, cultured, humorous. Interests: classical music, theatre, books, travel, human interaction and laughter. You — 35-45, tall, shapely, warm, feminine, educated, wide interests. Home Counties/London/anywhere. Photo appreciated. Box 9703.

THE MARRIAGE BUREAU (Heather Jenner), 124 New Bond Street, W1. 01-629 9634. Consult us for individual attention.

TYNE & WEAR — lecturer, 29 years, male, seeks warm, loving girlfriend, to share the intimate pleasures of life. Interests: wining, dining and romancing. Box 9683.

VERY MYOPIC male, Ametropic, 55, Anglophile, American, literate, lettered, travelled, unencumbered, seeks female with similar opthalmological malady for commiseration, mutuality, association, direction etc. Box 9372.

WIDOW, MIDDLE fifties, interested music, dancing, country pursuits, wishes male companion with similar interests. Box 9723.

WOMAN 38, living London, two teenage appendages, searches nationwide for male with similar sharp, highly developed, irreverent sense of humour. Nice if you make Robert Redford look like a garden gnome, not vice versa. Box 9714.

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CONFERENCE

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Central Hall, London SW1, Saturday 1 December 10am.

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Details: **Labour Co-ordinating Committee, 9 Poland St, London W1V 3DG (tel: 01-439 3749; 01-437 1984)**

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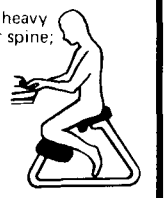

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CATALOGUES OF academic books on English Literature. Apply: Binnie Booksellers, 27 Angel House, Pentonville Rd, London N1.

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LISTINGS

SAT 17 NOV

LONDON Torchlight March & Rally in support of the Durban 3 and all South African political detainees. Assemble 5.30pm Malet St followed by rally 7-9pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org. Anti-Apartheid Movement, 13 Selous St, NW1 01-387 7966.**

BRIGHTON 'Who controls Tomorrows World?' Day conf. Sussex University. Workshops, creche, food, evening social. **Org. BSSRS 01-437 2728 for details.**

LONDON Chile Cttee. for Human Rights Annual Forum on Chile. 11am-5.30pm Africa Centre, 38 Kings St, WC2. Workshops, video, spkrs incl. membs of recent Labour Movement delegation to Chile. Lunch available. Adm. Free. **Details: 266 Pentonville Rd, N1. 01-837 7561.**

TUES 20 NOV

CAMBRIDGE CND Public Meeting: 'Nuclear Weapons in Great Britain'. Spkrs Sir Fred Catherwood MEP, Dr. Terence Moore, Mary Kaldor, END. 8pm Emmanuel Church, Trumpington St. **Details: 0223 313167.**

WED 21 NOV

LONDON 'Conscience and Peace' talk by member of Greenham Common Community 1.05pm St. James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1.

THURS 22 NOV

LONDON Ethnic Minorities & Social Security Reviews — half-day meeting to discuss the fact that the position of ethnic minorities have been ignored 2.15pm Community Information Project, 1st Floor, Bethnal Green Library, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2. **Details: Maryrose Tarpey, Community Info. Project. 01-981 6621/6114.**

BALHAM RVA present 'Development or Exploitation — British aid to Philippines' panel discn. with Alf Dubs MP. 8pm Balham Social Hall, Balham New Road, SW12. Adm. Free.

LONDON 'Is it a crime to be single — in a couple-orientated society?' Spkr. Francis Simons. 7pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Refreshments. Adm. 75p/UB40 free. **OPrg. Progressive League Woman/Man Grp.**

FRI 23 NOV

LONDON 'Conscience and the Law' Spkr. Larry Gostin NCCL. 1.05pm St. James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1.

SAT 24 NOV

LONDON INQUEST AGM 11am-5pm Stevenson Rm, Euston Station. 2pm 'Lack of Care: deaths by neglect in custody; the role of Coroners' courts'. Spkrs. incl. victims' relatives, lawyers. Adm. £2/membs free. **Details: 01-802 7430/272 3926.**

BOLTON Demo in support of the NUM called by Bolton Trades Council. March followed by rally in Miners Hall, Lancashire Area NUM headquarters.

MANCHESTER Labour Social Security Campaign AGM 11am-4pm Basement Theatre Manchester Town Hall. Spkr Margaret Beckett MP 'A positive strategy for socialist security'. **Details: 19 Badminton Rd, SW12.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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9 to 5 All the President's Men Angel Atlantic City Bad Timing Billy Connolly Bites Yer Bum Blow Out Breaking Away Britannia Hospital Brief Encounter Catch 22
Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith Chinatown The Conversation Coma Cutters Way Daddy Long Legs Equus Fitzcarraldo Gallipoli Hammett Heatwave Island of Dr Moreau
Kagemusha Last Concert Lenny Bruce – Live M.A.S.H. The Moon in the Gutter Ordinary People Parallax View Repulsion Reds Secret Policeman's Ball Psycho
They Shoot ... ne Bandits Yol 48 Hours A Kind of Loving A Night at the Opera Abigail's Party Nuts n May Under Fire Aguirre – Wrath of God
... Cities All Quiet on the Western Front Alphaville American Friend An Unmarried Woman

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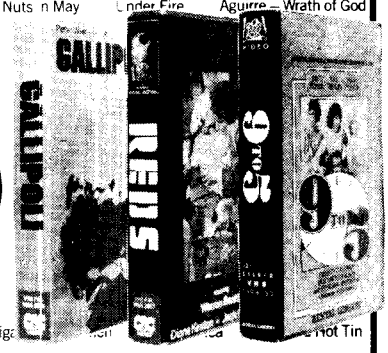

Bob Marley and The Wailers – Legend Brief Encounter Cabinet of Dr Caliga ... Hot Tin
Cries and Whispers ... Day of the Triffids Deer Hunter Deliverance Magic Flute Diva Dog Day Afternoon Draughtsman's Contract Duel Birds
Eating Raoul Elephant Man Eraserhead Farewell My Lovely Fawlty Towers – The Germans Fawlty Towers – The Psychiatrist Fear Eats The Soul French Connection Atomic Cafe
French Lieutenant's Woman Gandhi Godfather Pts 1 & 2 Gorky Park Gregory's Girl Harder They Come High Noon Klute Knife in the Water Kramer vs Kramer La Ronde
La Traviata Lavender Hill Mob Life of Brian Local Hero Long Good Friday Look Back in Anger Maltese Falcon Marriage of Maria Braun Mephisto Metropolis Missing
M. Hulot's Holiday Mutiny on the Bounty Newsfront Norma Rae Nosferatu – Symphony of Horror Once Upon A Time In The West One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest Paris, Texas
Querelle Ready Steady Go Vol 1 Rigoletto Salvatore Guiliano Silkwood Stroszek Third Man Trading Places Woyzek Year of Living Dangerously Battle of Algiers

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